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LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

BY

A NORTHERN MAN.

*Paulding, J. K.*

NEW EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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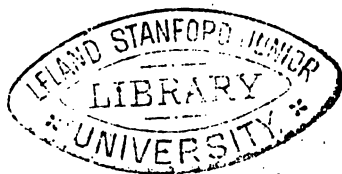
NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,  
NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET,  
AND SOLD BY THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS THROUGHOUT THE  
UNITED STATES.

1835.

*to recast*





A 22102.

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## LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

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### LETTER XXII.

DEAR FRANK,

THE other day, in taking a ramble from the spring, I came to where a fine trout stream of a most promising appearance skirted the foot of a long rambling hill. The sight of this brook revived my old propensity for fishing, which I ascribe to having early in life fallen in with honest Isaac Walton's work on angling; to my mind, one of the most pleasant books in the language. He mingles so much of a taste for natural beauty, so much of poetical feeling and description, and so much genuine simplicity, with his art, that one can't help loving the honest fisherman. The book begins with a dialogue between a fowler, a hunter, and an angler; in which each endeavours to establish the superiority of his favourite amusement. Honest Walton, as might be expected, gives the best of the argument to the latter, who, I remember, demonstrates the superiority of his art by proving that a majority of the apostles were fishermen.

I borrowed a fishing-rod from a miller near by, and followed the brook some miles without catching

a fish of any kind; either because there were none, or that the little wretches would not come and be caught. I was always in hopes of catching them, however; and this, I take it, after all, is the great pleasure of fishing and fowling. Trout do not abound so greatly in the mountain streams to the south, as they do in the north. "The chubb, chiven, or knob," as Walton calls him, is common in many places; but the most singular fish in this part of the world is called the *stone-toter*,\* whose brow is surmounted with several little sharp horns, by the aid of which he *totes* small flat stones from one part of the brook to another more quiet, in order to make a snug little circular enclosure, for his lady to lie in safely. This is truly a most ancient and fishlike gallantry, and right worthy the imitation of all bad husbands.

I am assured by gentlemen of veracity, that this part of the natural history of the stone-toter is actually true, though I suppose the orthodox naturalists will scout it, because it is not yet found in print, that I know of. These good people, the naturalists, make a certain code of laws, which they are pleased to call the laws of nature, and which, if the poor lady happens to transgress, she is accused of committing a grand *faux faux*, and her reputation grievously assailed. They will, no doubt, call this account of our polite fish a vulgar error, as they do every thing of which they are ignorant themselves; in pure spite, because other people discovered it before them. But I am sure the vulgar errors of the wise are tenfold

\* *Tote*,—To carry with labour; to lug along.

greater than those of the ignorant. How many learned theories, the result of most laborious stupidity, have we seen pass away, like shadows, at the dawn of day, only to give place to others more stupidly absurd; while the results of the daily experience of the unlearned remain the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The learned would contradict them if they dared, because they can't explain them; like the worthy gentleman who would not believe his hat was blown from his head, till he had consulted the fashionable theory of winds.

As I had heard much of the rattlesnakes and moccasins that infest these regions, I was on the look out for them during this little excursion, but did not meet a single one, nor do I believe they are by any means common. But I must tell you a story I heard from an honest man, at whose cabin I stopped awhile to rest myself along the brook. Before I begin the story, however, I will give you a sketch of his establishment, which will serve for a specimen of the people of these mountains.

His castle—every man's house is his castle, you know,—ergo, every house is a castle—was placed at the foot of the sunny side of a high hill, for the convenience of sunning the children; a practice equivalent to meat, drink, washing, and lodging, to these little rogues. It contained one large room, and a garret, that was ascended by a ladder, which, by-the-by, was quite unnecessary, as they might have made a pair of stairs of the children, who were of all sizes, in regular gradation, from eighteen inches

to six feet. It was a perfect bee-hive, full of living things. About the mantelpiece, or where mantelpieces usually are, was an almanac, a comb-case, and several spools of cotton; and about the fireplace lay a cat and dog fast asleep, while a little pig was smelling about, as is usual with that busy race. Nothing can give a more striking picture of the peace and quietude of a country cottage, than to see the antipathies of animals thus completely reconciled within its homely walls.

The good woman of the house was turning a large spinning-wheel, and ever and anon, as she passed back and forth, touched a cradle with her foot, in which reposed the youngest hope of the house, lulled to repose by the sonorous humming of the wheel. Two little urchins sat at the door munching apples, with heads rather whiter than their faces; two little boys were drawing hides from a vat near the house; two stout lads of sixteen or eighteen were in a little meadow across the brook; and the mother mentioned her eldest daughter had gone that morning, with two more of her children, to a school the other side of the mountain. "Body o' me," thought I, where do all these people sleep? But, as it was none of my business, I did not inquire. Labour and health can sleep right sweetly, where pampered idleness and bloated gluttony would lie awake, cursing their stars.

This industrious dame was a healthy, well-looking body enough; not quite so hollow in the shoulders though as some of our fashionable ladies, who really

do screw themselves up in such an equivocal manner, that were it not for their faces, one would be puzzled to tell whether their backs or fronts were towards him. This fashion is a decisive proof of the modesty of the sex—since we can admire the ladies' backs, even to intensity, without putting them to the blush. For my part, I don't know what will be the end of all this; nor, indeed, do I much care, only I don't like to see too much of a good thing. But to return to the lady of the castle, who had no great pretensions to fashion, but was a true woman for all that—for she made a number of excuses on account of her house being so much out of order. Jenny had gone over the mountain before she had time to put things to rights, and she herself had enough to do besides.

The husband was a tanner, which accounts for his looking so young as he did; as your tanners, you know, will last longer than other people. A sturdy dog—he would not take half a dollar I offered him for a bowl of milk, but actually looked as if he would *gouge* me when I insisted upon it. I could only account for his stupid indifference to money, from there being no banks in this neighbourhood. People are always more rational and enlightened where banks are plenty, and will take “kicks and coppers,” with great thankfulness, provided they come together. I am sorry to be under the necessity of confessing, that this refusal of the tanner furnishes another proof of the inferiority of the people of the back country to those of the cities, in politeness, refinement, and,

above all, in that most precious of all knowledge, a knowledge of the value of money. The inside of this ignorant man's house was furnished with two beds below, and the Lord knows how many above—a cradle—plenty of straw-bottomed chairs—a rifle hanging against the wall—good store of bacon—plenty of children—a staunch hound, and notable pussy, both acknowledged members of the family. The poor soul was content, for he did not know any better; and though I could easily have proved to him how miserable he was, I thought it better to let him alone.

And now for the story, which he related in answer to my inquiries about rattlesnakes. He told me, that somewhat more than six miles off, in the recesses of one of the most unfrequented mountains, there is a deep, circular valley, the bottom of which is covered with loose flat stones that have fallen down its steep sides. A gentleman on a visit to the springs once hired him and another person, a hunter, to accompany him to this valley, in order to ascertain whether the stories he had heard, but disbelieved, about it were true. They descended it, but without seeing a single snake; and the gentleman began to banter the hunter, who told him to stamp hard upon the flat stone where he was standing. He did so, and presently a good dozen rattlesnakes came out, to see who knocked at the door, I suppose. Alarmed at sight of the strangers, the snakes began to sound their rattles, like so many Philadelphia watchmen waked from a sound sleep, and thereupon came forth

several thousands of these reptiles, who rattled and hissed at such an execrable rate, that they were glad enough to retreat out of the valley with all convenient expedition. The tamer moreover added, that there was a great smell of cucumbers, and that for his part, he did not much mind the rattlesnakes, being used to them, but he could not reconcile himself to the looks of a rascally fellow, the like of which he had never seen before, who carried a great fin on his back, was shaped like a sunfish, and hissed ten times louder than his neighbours. The existence of a valley somewhere in this part of the world, containing a vast number of rattlesnakes, is believed by many well-informed people; but as to the little fellow with the fin, his being must remain a matter of doubt for the present. Whether the laws of nature permit a snake to wear a fin, must be left to those who *make* laws for her. Good by.



## LETTER XXIII.

DEAR FRANK,

I FEEL this morning a sort of humorous sadness; a sense of loneliness, and absence, and carelessness, that half amounts to a gentlemanlike melancholy. I believe I could entertain a score or two of blue devils; and be actually sad, if I could only find a tolerable reason to be sorry. Unluckily, I can't find a reasonable occasion to be unhappy; for I have got well of all my complaints, real and imaginary; have a reasonable supply of paper-money for my occasions; have got over my fears of French influence, ever since Napoleon began to grow fat—and am a bachelor! Yet, for all this, could I rail at the first-born of Egypt, and even find fault with the worthy lady at whose house we now are, detained by a shower, although her face is the picture of good humour, and her house the abode of good cheer. I intended to reason a little this morning, on cause and effect—a new subject! but, I reasoned, as people sometimes get up of a morning, wrong end foremost. I then joked the waiter, but got worsted, which only made me worse than before. This state of mind, under the influence of which the heart falls into a heavy depression, without any particular cause that

we know of, is sometimes ascribed to a presentiment of approaching evil, a warning coming from some mysterious source with which we are altogether unacquainted. But this is a superstitious idea, and consequently discarded by philosophers, who, in general, attribute it to an absence of real sources of misery, which leaves a vacuum for imaginary ones to creep in, and make a great bustle. They say the best and most radical cure for this mental disorder, is substantial care and real trouble; and accordingly agree in recommending matrimony as a sovereign remedy; that being the great evil, which renders all others insignificant. But instead of flying to this desperate remedy, I will try what occupation of mind will do in the way of relief.

In truth, the little solitary nook into which I am just now thrown, bears an aspect so interesting; that it is calculated to call up the most touchingly pleasing emotions, in the minds of those who love to indulge in the contemplation of beautiful scenes. We are the sons of earth, and the indissoluble kindred between nature and man, is demonstrated by our sense of her beauties. I shall not soon forget last evening, which Oliver and myself spent at this place. It was such as can never be described—I will therefore not attempt it; but it was still as the sleep of innocence—pure as ether, and bright as immortality. Having travelled only fourteen miles that day, I did not feel tired as usual; and after supper strolled out alone along the windings of a little stream about twenty

yards wide, that skirts a narrow strip of green meadow, between the house and the high mountain at a little distance.

You will confess my landscapes are well watered, for every one has a river. But such is the case in this region, where all the passes of the mountains are made by little rivers, that in process of time have laboured through, and left a space for a road on their banks. If nature will do these things, I can't help it—not I. In the course of my ramble the moon rose over the mountain to the eastward, which being just by, seemed to bring the planet equally near; and the bright eyes of the stars began to glisten, as if weeping the dews of evening. I knew not the name of one single star. But what of that? It is not necessary to be an astronomer, to contemplate with sublime emotions the glories of the sky at night, and the countless wonders of the universe.

“These earthly godfathers of Heaven's lights,  
That give a name to every fixed star,  
Have no more profit of their living nights,  
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.”

Men may be too wise to wonder at any thing; as they may be too ignorant to see any thing without wondering. There is reason also to believe, that astronomers may be sometimes so taken up with measuring the distances and magnitude of the stars, as to lose, in the intense minuteness of calculation, that noble expansion of feeling and intellect combined, which lifts from nature up to its great first

cause. As respects myself, I know no more of the planets, than the man in the moon. I only contemplate them as unapproachable, unextinguishable fires, glittering afar off, in those azure fields whose beauty and splendour have pointed them out as the abode of the Divinity; as such, they form bright links in the chain of thought that leads directly to a contemplation of the Maker of Heaven and earth. Nature is, indeed, the only temple worthy of the Deity. There is a mute eloquence in her smile; a majestic severity in her frown; a divine charm in her harmony; a speechless energy in her silence; a voice in her thunders, that no reflecting being can resist. It is in such scenes and seasons, that the heart is deepest smitten with the power and goodness of Providence, and that the soul demonstrates its capacity for maintaining an existence independent of matter, by abstracting itself from the body, and expatiating alone in the boundless regions of the past and the future.

As I continued strolling forward, there gradually came a perfect calm—and even the aspen-tree whispered no more. But it was not the deathlike calm of a winter's night, when the whistling wind grows quiet, and the frosts begin in silence to forge fetters for the running brooks, and the gentle current of life, that flows through the veins of the forest. The voice of man and beast was indeed unheard; but the river murmured, and the insects chirped in the mild summer evening. There is something

sepulchral in the repose of a winter night ; but in the genial seasons of the year, though the night is the emblem of repose, it is the repose of the couch, not of the tomb. Nature still breathes in the buzz of insects, the whisperings of the forest, and the murmurs of the running brooks. We know she will awake in the morning, with her smiles, her bloom, her zephyrs, and warbling birds. "In such a night as this," if a man loves any human being in this wide world, he will find it out, for there will his thoughts first centre. If he has in store any sweet, or bitter, or bitter-sweet recollections, which are lost in the bustle of the world, they will come without being called. If, in his boyish days, he wrestled, and wrangled, and rambled with, yet loved, some chubby boy, he will remember the days of his childhood, its companions, cares, and pleasures. If, in his days of romance, he used to walk of evenings, with some blue-eyed, musing, melancholy maid, whom the ever-rolling wave of life dashed away from him for ever—he will recall her voice, her eye, and her form. If any heavy and severe disaster has fallen on his riper manhood, and turned the future into a gloomy and unpromising wilderness ; he will feel it bitterly at such a time. Or if it chance that he is grown an old man, and lived to see all that owned his blood, or shared his affections, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn ; in such a night, he will call their dear shades around, and wish himself a shadow.

It is just clearing up; and Oliver, as usual, is in the fidgets to set out—so good 'by; and for fear you will think I have been indulging my imagination at your expense, about Mrs. B——'s in the mountains, I mention her name, that you may find out the place next summer, and see with your own eyes, and sleep within hearing of one of the most musically melancholy murmuring brooks in all the Alleghanies. Good by.

## LETTER XXIV.

DEAR FRANK,

You may chance to recollect, in one of my former letters, I warned you Oliver would ere long break out into an ebullition of geology, occasioned probably by the subterraneous heat of Dr. Hutton's theory, which has already performed such wonders. The expected eruption took place the day before yesterday.

We passed from the little retreat in the mountains I gave you a sketch of in my last, through a country of most singularly romantic aspect. The hills became more rugged, barren, and broken, than any we had yet crossed; the declivities more abrupt; and here and there bare and prodigious masses of rocks were piled on their tops, or hung on their sides. Often we rode along the banks of little rivers, foaming at the depth of a hundred feet below; their sides in many places composed of dark limestone rocks, piled one ledge on another, with the regularity of art, and topped with moss or fern. Cascades, with beautiful basins at their foot, fit haunt for the trout and the Naiad, succeeded each other at every little distance, and the whole scene was calculated to awaken the most lofty and affecting musings. I, who fortunately have never seen Dovedale, Matlock, the lakes of Cumberland, the Welch hills, nor any of those famous

places that make such a figure in the picture-books—I enjoyed this succession of interesting objects, and fell into an enormous brownstudy. But Oliver, who, ever since he became a geologist, is much oftener employed in studying how this world was made, than in enjoying its beauties, ran his hobby-horse against my Kentucky pony, and unhorsed my imagination in a twinkling.

“Do you believe in Hutton, or Werner?” said he.

I believe in Moses and the prophets, replied I.”

“Yes, as to all that sort of thing, we know—that is, we are willing to acknowledge we believe the world was originally made in six days;—but every appearance indicates that the present is a sort of secondary world, made out of the fragments of the first.”

“Oh, certainly—like a giblet pie, from the fragments of a roasted goose.”

“Pshaw! Can’t you be serious on a serious subject? Every man ought to feel an interest in the formation of the planet on which his lot is cast,—the place of his birth, and of his grave. In my opinion, nothing can afford a more noble, as well as useful exercise of the mind, than studying the formation of the earth.”

“Assuredly.—‘Knowledge is power,’ said the great Ham—I beg pardon, Bacon; and there is very little doubt but that, in the regular progress of science, the knowledge of how the world was formed, will shortly be followed by the art of making worlds for ourselves—if we can only find the materials.”



"Confound it! be serious for once;—every man has a right to his hobby, and mine is certainly as innocent and inoffensive as any other."

"Aye, and as useless;—but come, for once I will be serious. Open your theory, either Neptunian or Plutonian; and let the internal fire be as hot as it may, I'll not flinch one jot, I promise you."

He mused a little, and then replied—

"Well, if you won't talk rationally on geology, what do you think of Captain Symmes's theory of the concentric spheres?"

"I think it a capital subject for a speculation—not a pecuniary, but a philosophical one, and would believe in it but for one thing."

"What is that?"

"I can't bring my mind to it."

"Pooh!"

We had a long discourse on this interesting subject, in the midst of which we emerged from the recesses of the mountains, and in due time arrived at the little town of Fincastle, where we agreed to sleep. After supper, Oliver again broached his theory, and as we slept in the same room, continued prosing away till I fell fast asleep. The last words I heard him say were, "I should like to know what sort of people they are."

You know, Frank, what a dreamer I am, and that my sleeping reveries are not unfrequently better than my waking thoughts, which, after all, is not much in their favour. However this may be, I fell asleep with my head full of the captain's theory, and was

favoured with the following most extraordinary vision. It made such an impression, that it was some moments after waking before I could recollect where I was.

I thought I was in a country somewhere within the concentric spheres, called the Isles of Engines—how I got there I don't recollect, but I found the people all speaking tolerably good English, only with a little of the Welch accent. This they accounted for, by their being descended from the colony brought out by Prince Madoc, as sung in Mr. Southey's epic of that name. The laureate thinks they went to America, but the fact is, if there be any truth in dreams, they found their way, as I was assured, to the pole, where they were drawn through a great opening, by the force of attraction, into the bowels of the earth, where I found their descendants. Finding myself in this interesting situation, I determined to take a nearer view of the people, their manners and customs. But having unfortunately drank too much of the water, which is strongly impregnated with limestone, I soon found myself considerably out of order, and was fain to send for a doctor. When he came, he surprised me at first, by inquiring how many horse-power I was; whether I was on the high or low pressure system; and how many strokes I made in a minute. He then, without waiting for an answer, told me with great gravity, that my boiler was affected, but it was of no consequence, for if nothing had been the matter, he could easily have made me sick.

"You're but a bungling piece of machinery, at best," said he, "and must have been made in the infancy of the art; but I shall soon set you going again. Pray who made you?"

I answered according to the catechism. "Pooh," said he, "I thought as much; that accounts for your defects. You are at least a hundred years behind the spirit of the age. But, as I said before, I shall be able to correct the blunders of the original artist."

Accordingly he pulled out a little box from his coat-pocket, from which he took a hammer, a chisel, a file, and a little portable furnace, in which was some sort of inflammable spirit, by means of which he set a little steam-engine, of three mice-power, as he said, going at a famous rate. I wondered what he was after, when he said to me—

"Pull off your clothes, my honest friend, and I'll soon put you to rights."

I did not know what to make of all this, but thought the doctor a madman. I, however, pulled off my outward garments, to humour him, when he observed that he was right—that the boiler was collapsed a little, and that he should cut out about four inches square that was defective, and had better be got rid of as soon as possible, for fear of accidents. Saying this, he placed his chisel against my side, just below the short ribs, and was going to give it a great blow with his hammer, when I started away from him as fast as possible. He inquired what was the matter, and begged me to keep my fly-wheel quiet, or he

could do nothing, assuring me solemnly, he would not injure my machinery in the least. When I told him that flesh and blood couldn't bear it, he exclaimed, with great contempt—

"Pooh! what do you use such exploded language as that for? only see the force of habit!"

Finding I would not submit to his mode of putting my machinery in order, he called me an ass, and went away muttering to himself, "one of your old exploded inventions, I see."

He soon returned, however, and feeling my pulse with a steam-cane, which he said contained a sympathetic vibrating rod, that conveyed to his machinery the precise number and strength of the strokes made by the mechanism of the heart, assured me it was the most convenient article in the world.

"It is far preferable to fingers, only it is more expensive, and is apt to be affected by the damp air. This, however, I remedy by a barometer, which, by always showing the state of the atmosphere, corrects all mistakes."

He held his watch in his hand all the time the cane was feeling my pulse, and I was surprised to find it struck precisely the number of my pulsations.

"You see," said he, "what ingenious people are those of the Engine Isles, and what a variety of labour-saving machines they have invented. The development of the machinery of mind is wonderful. But come," added he rather contemptuously, "I see you are one of the clumsy, old-fashioned productions of nature, and we must treat you accordingly. He

then bled me with a steam-lancet, and prescribed a diet of fried liver, which, he assured me, was a sovereign remedy for derangements of that organ. Upon this, he hurried away, as he said, to visit a great nobleman, about seven hundred miles off, whose balance-wheel was out of order. I thought this was a great way to visit a patient, and that the complaint must be a very curious one. On going to the window, however, I saw the doctor get into a great pair of sheet-iron boots, which threw out a deal of steam, and which seemed to be those of the old story-books, for they carried him out of sight in a moment. I saw him no more, being informed that he had been blown up in his journey, and his machinery so much deranged that it was thought it would never be thoroughly repaired. He sent me his bill, however, and a curious one it was, consisting of a dozen items, all about repairing my machinery. I should have mentioned, that though I called him doctor, he disclaimed the title, assuring me he had the honour to be a civil engineer.

Being recovered from my illness, I determined to make some excursions into the city, which I understood was the capital of the Empire of the Engine Isles, and was called Tzig-Tzag. My object was to gain a knowledge of the manners, habits, and customs of the people, in order that I might not return home, as some travellers do, with nothing but a bundle of ignorance and falsehood. The first thing that struck me, was, that there seemed to be two distinct orders of people in this country; one all spirit and activity,

and apparently very happy; the other idle, ragged, melancholy, and poor. These last might be seen lounging about doing nothing, or drinking and fighting among themselves, in a most outrageous manner. They seemed to be a sort of degraded class, something like our negroes, and never failed to beg me for money, whenever I came nigh them. The other class seemed to look down upon them, and though they would relieve their necessities when asked, the money appeared to be given without charity, and received without gratitude.

When I sometimes inquired concerning their distresses, and why, being apparently able-bodied men, they came to be so poor, their answers puzzled me strangely. One said his distresses were owing to a plentiful harvest; another, to free trade; a third, to the restriction of the issues of one pound notes; a fourth, to the great plenty of paper-money; a fifth, to being over head-and-ears in debt; a sixth, to taxation; a seventh, to tithes; and an eighth, to political economy. "They want to teach us to starve scientifically," said this last—"but starving is starving, whether philosophically or not." But what puzzled me more than all the rest, was a poor fellow, who swore to me solemnly, that he was ruined by gaining a lawsuit.

When I inquired of these men why they did not go to work, they told me they could find nothing to do half the time, and the other half their wages would not keep them from want. The Engine men had taken the bread out of their mouths. I asked a poor

woman, who came begging to me for money to buy a pair of stockings, why she did not knit them for herself. She answered with tears in her eyes, "Alas! sir, the engines make them cheaper than we can buy the materials."

The proportion of these poor idle people seemed to me as fifty to one of the brisk, lively class, and yet the former seemed so depressed by poverty, or by a sense of inferiority, that they quietly submitted either to starvation or beggary. I one day rambled out into the country a few miles, where I saw a man washing clothes by steam, and two or three women sitting, perfectly idle, looking on. While I was strolling along wondering at these things, my attention was caught by a singular equipage, in which sat a lady and gentleman, whirling along the high road like the wind. On inquiring, I found he had made a great bet that he could outrun any north-easter in the world,—and truly he seemed in a fair way of winning, for he beat a shower of rain, that was coming on in his rear, all hollow.

I next met a carriage, which puzzled me exceedingly, as the poor horses were fastened behind instead of before. This seemed a practical illustration of the cart before the horse. On inquiring the reason, I was told that the only use of horses in the Engine Isles, was to keep the locomotives from running away. "They are excellent creatures," said my informant, "for preventing our carriages from going too fast." A little farther on I came to a graveyard, where was a steam-shovel digging graves,

while two sturdy fellows were playing all-fours on a tombstone. One of them told me they were digging on speculation, and that they could dig graves enough in a week to accommodate the whole city for a year. But he was afraid they would be ruined if the season turned out healthy.

Returning home, I overtook an honest fellow driving a pair of oxen, which he begged me to accept with tears in his eyes. I asked why he did not go to market and sell them—"Ah! sir," said the poor man, "nobody will buy them; they are worth nothing now; they can't live upon steam, nor travel fifty miles an hour on a rail-road." I next encountered a sailor-looking man, who begged charity of me. I asked him how he came to be in want. "Why, sir," said he, "I owned a steam-boat, and plied with passengers and marketing to the great city yonder. But since the invention of the magnetic boats, which you know sail at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, I cannot earn salt to my porridge, if I had any, and all my neighbours, who own steam-boats, are starving."

Scarcely had I parted from this unfortunate skipper, when another poor ragged fellow made a demonstration on my pocket. He had managed to get a tolerable living on a canal, but unfortunately the canal had lately been cut out by a rail-road, and he was now in want of bread. While we were yet conversing, a third person came up who was quite as badly off as the other. He had just been discharged from the rail-road, where he had been employed, in consequence of a great improvement in



balloons, by means of which all the speculators in rail-roads were ruined, and he himself thrown on the community a pauper.

Passing on, I entered the city, and coming to a barber's shop, went in to get shaved. There I saw about a dozen people sitting on a bench, all in a row, with napkins about their necks, and was told to take my seat at one end. I did so, and presently the barber cried out, "Is the steam up?" "Yes sir," was the answer, and on the instant, I heard a strange noise over head, and felt a razor applied to my chin. I was shaved in an instant, as if by magic. On complimenting the master of the shop, on this expeditious process, he told me he could shave twenty thousand people in a day, but was in a fair way of being ruined for want of a sufficient number of beards, since the fashion of whiskers came up. I asked him what the other shavers did for a living—"Oh," replied he, carelessly, "they can go upon the parish."

Not long after this I asked a poor woman to wash some linen for me, but she declined on account of having no steam-engine for the purpose. She said the steam-engines did their work so cheap, she could not keep herself alive by labouring ever so hard, and she might just as well starve in idleness as work her fingers to the bone, and starve after all. "If I was only an engine," said she, "I should be as happy as the day is long—but lack-a-day! I am only one of God's creatures." I did not understand this, any more than a hundred other things I saw every day.

One evening I was invited by a little Welchman,

who had taken a great fancy to me, to accompany him to a concert, where was to be exhibited a newly-invented instrument of one hundred and twenty fiddlers' power. All the musical instruments go by steam here, and are estimated by their mechanical power. Accordingly, I went with him, and found the company all sitting in the open air, and consisting of the better sort of people, that is to say, the brisk, lively, fast travelling, and prosperous class, I noticed before. All the instruments going by steam, there were no musicians, properly speaking, each instrument having a chief-engineer and fireman to attend upon it. When the great instrument of one hundred and twenty fiddlers' power began to play, the company seemed quite enchanted, but I confess it made such a horrible noise, that I was fain to stop both my ears. Upon this they set me down a barbarian, and I could hear, in the pauses of the storm of music, whispers passing from one to another, "What an unfinished piece of machinery." "It must be an old-fashioned anatomy of a man, such as we use here for charitable purposes." And thereupon they all, the ladies in particular, turned up their noses and took snuff at me, out of snuff-boxes that opened by steam. I did not comprehend their sneers, but nevertheless, felt rather ashamed of myself.

While the company, with the exception of myself and one other, an old man with a gray head, sat rapturously enjoying themselves, the boiler of the great musical instrument of one hundred and twenty fiddlers' power, suddenly exploded with an awful

crash, a hundred times louder and more discordant than one of those at the end of a fashionable overture. It filled the air with scalding vapour ; luckily for me, I sat at some distance, but, notwithstanding, was projected into a heap of mortar, where I received little or no damage. Extricating myself as well as I could, and as soon as possible, and the vapour having in a great degree cleared away, I went to assist the unfortunate sufferers, if any remained alive. To my astonishment, I found them all laughing ready to split their sides. One lady cried out that her cotepaly was ruined ; another her beret spoiled ; and a third that her curls were deranged by the damps. They all, however, in reply to various inquiries of the gentlemen, declared that their machinery was not in the least injured.

Finding this to be the state of affairs, I was marching homewards, not relishing this sort of music, when I heard a groan, or something very like it, near me. On looking about, I perceived the old gentleman I mentioned just now lying under one of the benches, which were all moved about by machinery, at the pleasure of the person sitting on them. He seemed to be struggling with pain, or something else, and I tried to get him out, but could not. One of the gentlemen near me, however, with an exclamation of contempt, immediately stopped the engine, which propelled the seat, and released the old gentleman's leg, which I found had been caught by one of the wheels, and very much bruised. Finding he was considerably hurt, and, that instead of pitying him,

the people only shrugged their shoulders and muttered, "anatomy," I took pity on the poor old man, and carried him home to my lodgings, where he got well in about ten days, during which time we formed a great friendship.

This worthy gentleman was a philosopher of the old school, that is, he belonged to the old-fashioned fellows made on anatomical principles. He told me the Engine Isles were governed according to political economy, which would be the most useful science in the world, if they could only agree about first principles. We got to be very fond of each other, and at length agreed to travel together, not only over the Engine Isles, but to a vast country at a considerable distance, called the Republic of Elsewhere. Accordingly, having each purchased a pair of steam-boats, we set out on our journey early one morning.

As I had always a great respect for learning and science, you know, though I have no pretensions to either myself, I took particular pleasure in visiting the societies, and attending the lectures of distinguished professors, whenever I had an opportunity. Having travelled the first day three hundred miles, without the least fatigue, we stopped at the great city of Oxhorn, a famous place for scholars, and all that sort of thing. Here we were told a great professor was just about delivering a lecture, and having refreshed ourselves in haste, were conducted to the college, a fine venerable old building as ever I saw. Having paid the price of admittance—for my companion told me they gave away nothing in this country

but advice—we were accommodated with comfortable seats.

I found the professor had just commenced a lecture on the drawing of corks. He began by describing the primitive modes—forks, fingers, teeth, etc. Then he proceeded to give a history of the progressive improvements, from the worm, to the patent, and the *ne plus ultra*, until he came to the consummation of all, the steam-corkscrew, which he maintained was the greatest discovery of the age, seeing that the saving of time was immense. “A man,” said he, “can drink two bottles now, while he used to be drawing a cork!”

On our return we called for our supper, which came rolling into the room by steam. I was puzzled about the use of certain strange-looking things lying by the sides of the plates instead of knives and forks, and on inquiring of the waiter, found they were what he called “a mechanical process for swallowing without any trouble.”

“If you get out of breath with eating, notwithstanding this great invention,” continued he, “you will find on the sideboard a machine for breathing without exercising the lungs.”

I was very much astonished at this, but soon found other matters to call my attention. All the doors opened and shut of themselves, as they told me, by the rarification of the air produced by its passing through a perpetual oven.

The next day we went to church, where we found all the people listening with the most profound atten-

tion, to a description of a machine for making tooth-picks, which performed the work of two hundred able-bodied men.

After the sermon we walked out into the country, and saw a man busy in experimenting on a machine for raising water by means of the sunbeams. Another was making a blast furnace, by the action of a fall of water. Passing on a little way farther, we came to where three hundred men were sitting idle by a machine for making cables. "What a prodigious saving of labour!" said a fat fellow, who, I was told, was making a great fortune by it, while the three hundred lookers-on were starving on low wages, or in total idleness. In answer to my companion, who made a smart reply to something I said, I observed, "That was a retort courteous." "A retort courteous!" said the fat owner of the labour-saving machine, "I never heard of such a retort—pray can you show me a plan of it?"

On our return, being somewhat fatigued, the waiter handed us the machine for breathing without exercising the lungs, which the old gentleman was delighted with, but somehow or other, I thought it was more trouble than pleasure.

In the evening we heard of a lecture to be delivered by one of the greatest philosophers and machinists in all the Isles of Engines, and determined to be present without fail. Accordingly we proceeded thither, and found the professor delivering a lecture on man-making. I was astonished on hearing him, in treating the subject, use all the language and terms generally

adopted in our country in the description of steam-engines. If he spoke of anatomy, it was only to stigmatize it as an old exploded invention. But my astonishment was increased tenfold, when, at the conclusion of his lecture, he proceeded to illustrate his doctrines by making a man according to the present improved system, as he denominated it. After putting the machinery together, the new being took the place of the professor, and repeated over his lecture without missing a word.

On expressing my wonder, at this phenomenon, my companion opened his eyes wider than even mine.

"What," said he—"is it possible you have been so long in this country, and are still ignorant that a great portion, nay, all the better sort of people here, are mere machines?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I mean that such people as you and I, have been out of fashion here some time, and that none but the poor starving creatures you see looking at machinery, belong to the ancient plebeian class of flesh and blood. The whole political system, as it exists at present, in the Engine Isles, and the vast power of the nation, turns exclusively on the superiority of these men-machines over the men constructed on the old anatomical principles."

"How do you make that out?" said I.

"I'll tell you. You must know the Isles of Engines are so overburdened with these anatomical people, that one-half of them can't live comfortably. The

“professors of the noble science of political economy—have you never heard of political economy?”

“No—but I’ve heard of domestic economy.”

“Pish!—what has domestic economy to do with national affairs? well—the professors of political economy went to work to prove that it would remedy all these evils of a surplus population, if they could only throw a large portion of the poor labouring classes out of employment. They would then, without doubt, starve to death, and there would be an end of them. According to this doctrine, the invention of labour-saving machinery became the sole object of all the ingenuity of these islanders. They proceeded step by step, increasing the labour-saving machines, and throwing the labourers out of employment, until finally the learned professor we have just heard, conceived and brought to maturity these men-machines, who have almost entirely superseded the old anatomical men, who, in the course of a few years, in all probability, will become extinct, by a process of misery and starvation. I belong to this class, and feel my degradation; yet I cannot but admire the vast ingenuity of my countrymen, who have thus created a power, which has actually conquered themselves.”

I could not help thinking the old gentleman was one of the most disinterested persons I had ever met with, and began now to comprehend many things I had before seen, which puzzled me exceedingly at the time.

“This must be one of the happiest countries in the



world," said I, "except for the great majority of old-fashioned men. But I suppose they will soon be all starved to death."

"Why they ought to have been long ago, but somehow they seem able to live upon nothing."

"What a happy country!" said I again.

"The happiest in the world," replied he, "The end of every wise government should be to diminish the value of human labour, and make men unnecessary. But alas! we are, after all, far behind our neighbours, the *Whiz-Gigs*, among whom every thing is done by perpetual motion."

"Let us visit them, by all means," cried I.

"Agreed!" said the old philosopher, and accordingly the next day we set out for the Empire of Perpetual Motion. But our journey was cut short by my being suddenly alarmed by a horrible outcry, which proceeded from my friend Oliver. I jumped up, and shaking him awake, asked what was the matter.

"I was dreaming of Symmes's theory," said he, "and fancied myself turned into a magnetic needle, that would not traverse."

What a strange coincidence, Frank, that we should both have been dreaming of the same thing! Adieu.

## LETTER XXV.

DEAR FRANK,

THE TOWN of Fincastle, in the county of Bottetourt, where I mentioned our arrival in my last, is situated in one of the most picturesque spots of the state, and the earth seems to have been in great commotion when she finally settled her atoms in these parts. It abounds in iron ore, and is finely watered by the different branches of James river, which are here called creeks, but in any other country would aspire to the title of rivers.

This town, like Rome, is situated on several little hills, and has a stream running nigh, pretty nearly equal to the Tiber, only not quite so muddy, except when it rains. From thence you have a full view of the far-famed Peaks of Otter, towering high above the surrounding mountains; one rising to a point, the other flattened at the top. From the former, which is the highest of the two, I am told the prospect is exceedingly extensive, various, and magnificent. We were inclined to try the ascent—Oliver, to see if he could find any oyster-beds, and I to see what was to be seen; but relinquished this undertaking on the score of distance and difficulty; the mountain being fourteen miles out of our way, and the

ascent laborious. There is no enjoyment to be gained at the summit of a mountain, when one gets there half-tired to death. The cost is generally more than the gratification, although people who take the trouble don't like to acknowledge themselves disappointed.

While dinner was getting ready, we strolled about the town to look for curiosities; but unless one is a scientific traveller, he will be at a loss to find matter to fill up a letter in our country, unless he tells over again the same stories that have been a hundred times repeated already. A scientific traveller, like you know who, can talk a full hour about a stone picked up in the road, or a plant plucked from the side of a ditch. It is only to call it schistus, quartz, talc, calcareous, argillaceous, or granitic, if it be a stone; or *juniperus virginiana*, *yucca alofolia*, *corypha umbraculifera*, or *nigra oblonga*, if it be a plant; and the reader becomes wonderfully interested in stones and plants, that he has seen every day of his life, but without knowing they were of such infinite consequence. After thus christening them with a long Latin name, the scientific traveller looks into the Encyclopedia, for the article botany, or mineralogy, and borrows enough to astonish every body with his learning, and make a notable paper for the transactions of one of the numerous societies to which he belongs. But to a traveller unacquainted with the secret of being learned without knowing any thing of the subject, it is a sad drawback, that almost every thing he sees in our country indicates a rapid advance, rather than a state of decay. Consequently there is

nothing that makes amends for its present insignificance, by its ancient renown, or which the dapper spruce gentleman traveller can tell over again for the hundredth time. There are no old castles to conjure up the recollection of William the Bastard's time, when the old barons had more manors than manners—oppressed the people, rebelled against the king, and drank small-beer for breakfast. Indeed, your traveller in the old countries has a great advantage over him of the new world. The latter has nothing but what he sees to describe, and nothing but what he thinks and feels to record; whereas the former can make a book of travels, good enough for his readers, without either seeing or thinking at all. Every town through which he passes has a regular history, called a "Picture," written expressly for his particular use. In these you will find the history of the dead and the living; descriptions of all the tombs in all the churchyards, visible and invisible, past and present; biographical notices of Messrs. Tom, Dick, and Harry, together with their illustrious cotemporaries, tag, rag, and bobtail, and all their posterity. In addition to these valuable and interesting particulars, he is furnished with a regular list of the bishops, mayors, abbots, aldermen, sextons, church-wardens, grave-diggers, and catchpoles, for at least a thousand years. This assortment is completed by a list of various other articles too tedious to mention, as the grocers say in their advertisements. Out of all this, the greatest dunce in the world, that is to say, the traveller who sells his own land to go

and see that of other people, can make a book which will be praised by the critics, provided it is written by a gentleman belonging to their *party*, or is published by the bookseller who patronizes their Review. It will also, most likely, be republished in this country, where all the second-hand finery, and second-rate literature of England finds a ready market. But the unlucky souls who travel in our country, unless they are possessed of the great secret of being scientific à la Encyclopedie, will find themselves at a loss for interesting particulars, unless they can enter into the various shades and peculiarities which distinguish one people from another, even though they are ever so much alike, which, by the way, is no easy thing. For want of this nice perception, which is one of the great characteristics of genius, those literary foreigners who have done us the honour to ride post through our country, have supplied the lack of antiquities, and the talent for observation, by resorting to their imagination for facts, and to their memory for good stories and rare adventures, that have happened regularly to every one of them from time immemorial.

Of all countries in the world, this, therefore, is the worst for a book-making traveller, and itinerant poet. Ruins inspire both the one and the other; and a ruined tower or ivied hall is as good as six pages to each. Traditionary antiquity gives interest to the smallest trifles; and the most insignificant persons become objects of interest by living a long time ago, just as old Jenkins became immortalized, by living

longer than other people. Until, therefore, we have a good number of ruins, with subterranean passages, and "Donjon Keeps," for our poets to commit murders, and our travellers to locate legends in, I despair of our excelling in these *articles*: as our friend the dry-good merchant calls poets and travellers.

This being the case, my learned friend—for learned thou art by this time, if thou hast read all my letters—we found very little to interest us at this place, except here and there in the outskirts of the town, a ruined log-cabin, deserted for a better, or abandoned for the western country. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to make a romance out of a log-hut; but by a rare good luck, I met with a legend, the subject of which is as follows:

When George the First was imported from Hanover, to take possession of the English crown, as usual a crowd of his poor relations accompanied him, to get a slice of Johnny Bull's roast beef, which was rather more plenty then than it is now. Among these was a sad fellow, called Kierst Von Guelph, who, by the time he had been half a year in England, had committed so many foul and unnatural murders on the king's English, that for fear of a rising among the genuine old Britons, who took umbrage at his calling things out of their right names, he was sent out to Virginia, with a grant of land and permission to murder every word of the language in cold blood. When he arrived in this new world, he built himself a house of logs, the ruins of which are still visible; called his first son George Rex, in compliment to his

great relation ; fell foul of the language tooth and nail, and under pretence of being of the blood royal, claimed a right to make all the people talk High Dutch, the language of Adam, as he stoutly affirmed. But it is no easy matter to change the language of a whole people, so he contented himself with turning it upside down. Thus P became B, and B became P, and D, T, until the stoutest abecedarian could hardly tell which was which. Kierst Von Guelph lived in his log-palace until he had fairly bedevilled the language, and his palace was near *dumblng* about his ears, when he gave it the slip just in time to save himself the trouble of building another. It was he that demonstrated his loyalty, we are told, by calling so many places in Virginia, and the south, after the kings, queens, princes, and lords of his time, instead of giving them better, or leaving them as they were. Tradition says, he lies buried in the churchyard of this town ; and this is rendered more probable by our finding a piece of gray freestone lying there, bearing this fragment of an inscription : "*Hère licht begraven K—*" and there it ends abruptly.

Be this as it may, this legend undoubtedly explains the true original cause why the majority of the people in the great valley, extending from Pennsylvania to Georgia, begin so many of their words with the wrong letter, a peculiarity which puzzled our friend the professor of all sorts of sciences, to such a degree, that he would most certainly have lost his wits, had not Providence, wisely foreseeing how the poor man

would be perplexed at divers times about nothing benevolently made him without any.

A handsome new church is building at this place, another proof that our parson was mistaken when he told aunt Katè there was no religion in Virginia. I love to see traces of religion, for in its train follow habits of order and sobriety, that make some amends for the cant and monkish severity, attempted to be imposed upon us by so many of the beardless apostles of the present day; who, in their zeal to put down the innocent amusements of life, seem to forget that vice, and not amusement, is the proper object of pulpit criticism. It is curious, as it is true, that among our aged pastors, whose years confer authority, whose whitened locks, and blameless lives, and long-established character, give them a right to speak with all the authority of experience and virtue, we find religion represented in the beautiful and alluring garb of chaste and innocent vivacity. As drawn by their pencils, she enjoins no stripes or sackcloth, nor calls for any sacrifices at her shrine, but those of vice and immorality. But our beardless youth, when first they essay their powers from the pulpit, appear to think they must signalize themselves by some extraordinary innovation on the rights of their parishioners, or some new and stricter principles, than their liberal and virtuous predecessors thought sufficient for the welfare of mankind, here and hereafter. Experience has long since taught these aged pastors, that mankind must have amusements, or they will indulge vices; that by rendering the yoke of religion



too heavy, it is apt to be cast away; and that overheated or overacted zeal is a more dangerous enemy to the church, in an enlightened age at least, than even the most inflexible unbelief.

The younger race of preachers, on the contrary, are, many of them, heard to rail with a sort of senseless impetuosity, against all that adorns, embellishes, and sweetens the leisure hours of an existence, which, at best, is but a succession of labours. With an utter and monkish ignorance of human nature, they think themselves reforming it, by lopping away its flowers; and with an arrogance to which I feel too much respect for their calling to apply the proper epithet, they call down reprobation on the heads of their aged parishioners, because they have permitted their children to partake of those amusements, and visit those places of polished recreation, heretofore considered innocent. Nay, I have heard one of these beardless reformers strike at the root of domestic happiness, by telling his female hearers they paid too much attention to household affairs, and too little to the church: thus attempting to elevate them to that true evangelical uselessness, which signalizes itself by neglecting every sublunary duty, and is manifested in an affected contempt for this world, which, were it universal, would tear society asunder, and cast its dear and admirable elements to the winds of Heaven. The author of the religion of man, who gave reason to his creatures, and harmony to the universe, thought one day of the seven, if properly attended to, sufficient for the purposes of *public*

worship; but our zealous and boyish reformers, it seems, know better. Nowhere, in all the compass of Holy Writ, is there any precept denouncing those amusements, that cannot, by any fallacy of reasoning, be in any way connected with abstract morals, or prohibiting the mind from recreating, and polishing, and enlightening its original roughness and darkness. By whose authority, then, does arrogant conceited ignorance try to wean us from every thing that charms us in the works of genius, because it shames their frothy and vapid nonsense by its enchanting beauty, or because it is not a sermon? It is in this way that the preacher becomes the ally of ignorance, and that the mighty masters of literature are robbed of their crowns of laurel, to bestow on some production of Miss Hannah More, in which the most improbable fiction of imagination is coupled with the majesty of eternal truth.

These sentiments, were they known, would doubtless bring my orthodoxy in question, and scandalize aunt Kate, who, you know, neglects all her household duties, rather than not go to a night meeting. I care not; for no fear of misrepresentation shall prevent me from speaking my sentiments on this conspiracy against the smiles, and sports, and graces of the mind and body. I believe that the writers of the Scriptures were inspired, and can only lament that those to whose lot it falls to interpret them, are not equally inspired; for then we should not have so many contradictory systems. I am unalterably convinced of the divinity of religion; a thousand proofs of it

are implanted in the nature of man : and it is not the least demonstration of its being upheld by an Almighty influence, that it continues to flourish and expand, in spite of the little support derived either from the precepts or examples of its new teachers.

Having two or three hours to spare till dinner, we rambled about the churchyard, reading the records of mortality, which, though everywhere confined to a few simple items, concerning a few insignificant people, are always interesting. They are the history of high and low ; and none can read them without being impressed with a conviction that all are his brothers at last—for all die. He who moulders below was born,—and died ; and whether rich, or a beggar, his short history is that of kings. The struggles of restless ambition,—the reverses of the great,—and the story of the wreck of lofty pride, we read as an interesting romance, addressing itself solely to the imagination : but when a monarch or a hero dies, he becomes our equal ; his death is an example equally with that of the meanest mortal ; and we here realize our common nature, and common end.

While poring over these tomb-stones, our attention was attracted by a long cavalcade, on foot, on horseback, and in carriages of various kinds, winding slowly over one of the hills at a distance. It came towards the churchyard, entered it, and stopped at a large oak, under which was a newly dug grave we had not noticed before. The people of the village were attracted by it, and came up, one after another,

until there were, I suppose, two hundred, men, women, and children, gathered together. Without a whisper, except that of the oaks around, the coffin was taken from the wagon, lowered into the grave, and covered with earth. I never witnessed a scene more solemn and affecting; and beautiful as is our church funeral service, I will venture to say it never raised a feeling of more deep and awful devotion, than that which impressed the dead silence around. There was no need of saying "dust to dust;" every clod of earth, as it fell hollowly on the coffin, proclaimed that; neither was any proof wanting that "man that is born of a woman," must die, for a thousand little hillocks around gave silent testimony to the fact. When the mound over the grave was smoothed with pious care, a little buzzing ran through the crowd—and as it slowly separated, some ventured to talk about the deceased person, who was, I found, a Quaker woman, who died—as others die, of some common malady or other. She was neither a belle, nor a beauty;—no crowd ever followed her at a ball, nor could I learn that she had ever received a single offer of marriage, except from the person we had left still standing by her grave. Yet there was something in the story I learned of her, that affected me, I can hardly tell why, for it was not the least romantic.

It seems that her husband, in consequence of imprudence or misfortune, had several years before been confined in a prison for debt, leaving a family of eight children destitute. By the rare magic of

industry and economy united, this woman, by her own labours, kept the little ones together,—fed, clothed, and sent them to school, until the gaol accidentally took fire, and the prisoner walked home. Here he afterwards remained unmolested, for the virtues of his wife had sanctified his person. There is a species of calm, persevering, courageous, and unconquerable industry, that gets the better even of fate. Such, it seems, was the industry of this valuable woman, and it was rewarded even in this world. She lived—God bless her—to see her husband independent, and to share many years of independence with him. She reared all her children, saw them honourably settled, and heard the old people say, that whatever had been her sacrifices for them, they had repaid her, by their dutiful affection, and exemplary conduct. Then, when she at last died, neither poet made her an angel nor newspaper eulogy a saint; but the neighbours,—the *neighbours*, followed her to the grave without uttering a word,—and the husband and children stood round it with their faces covered.

Now if this little true story wants a moral, I think it will easily be found. For my part, I cannot help believing this simple Quaker woman was a more valuable being, and fulfilled her duties far more to the benefit of society, than if she had been a member of as many charitable societies as aunt Kate, and had refused as many fools as a lady I once heard of in Virginia. I must own, too, that I consider her silent, unobtrusive suffering, fireside virtue, as far preferable to the public and ostentatious newspaper

charity, which, in the present time, stalks bravely forth, and beckons every worthless vagabond to its shrine, from Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. Had all women been like our Quaker, there had been little need of these societies; nor had so many excellent ladies neglected their homes to prow into the dens of profligate vice, and soil the purity of the female heart, by an habitual contemplation of the disgusting drama of human misery, brought on by human depravity. It is thus they increase, instead of diminish, the sum of vice and misery, by teaching idleness and profligacy to become more idle and vicious, in the certainty that in the last resort, they can live without either virtue or work, in this charitable age.

Do not accuse me, I beseech you, Frank, of a lack of commiseration for the wants and woes of our fellow-creatures. I have lived long enough to know, that to relieve the distresses of the deserving, without encouraging the wickedness of the profligate, is a very difficult matter, and requires a knowledge of the world and its corruptions, which I do most earnestly hope our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, may never attain. I have seen enough, too, of life, at different times, and amid occupations the most various, to convince me that nothing is so likely to make this a happy world, as for every one to confine themselves to the care of making the domestic band around them happy. The exercise of benevolence, when too widely spread, is apt to lose sight of the centre, in solicitude for the extremes of the mighty

circle. Few people have either the means or the talent for producing a great public good, or ameliorating the situation of mankind in general; but all have a little sphere over which their influence is felt, and which they may do a great deal to make happy or wretched. Society is composed of these little worlds; and to make them comfortable is to create the happiness of all mankind. These observations apply more especially to women, who have always duties to perform at home, if they choose to attend to them, and ought to leave public charities to men, who are acquainted with the innumerable masks under which idleness and vice levy contributions on society.

In truth, I have no opinion of this *gadding* benevolence in woman. She is a gentle household divinity: she is neither a Jove, to direct the destinies of the world; nor a Neptune, to quell the raging ocean. She reigns over the happiness of man, not by leading armies, writing essays on suicide, or vindicating the right of women to be as vicious and immodest as men,—or by enlisting in a blue-stocking club,—or by diving into stews and beer-cellars, to acquire views of vice, which the most virtuous woman cannot witness without soiling the purity of her heart. No, Frank, it is not by such means that women become the source and sacred fountain of our happiness. It is by the exercise of those gentle female virtues that pass unheeded by the world; that excite no buzz of public applause, and cause no inflated biography to be indited; but which meet their reward in the grati-

tude of children, the smiling happiness of the domestic circle, the lofty and affectionate estimation of the husband, and the blessing of Heaven. Such women may not, perhaps, get into the chronicles; but while they live, they will be the blessing of their home; when they die, tears of bitter sorrow will be their eulogy; and their monuments, a crowd of neighbours and relatives standing silently weeping by their graves. Good by.



## LETTER XXVI.

DEAR FRANK,

I ONCE knew a worthy old lady, who never saw or heard any thing in this world that did not put her in mind of Joseph in Egypt. Whenever any thing was told her, no matter what, she would take a pinch of snuff, and exclaim with a devotional air, "Ah! that puts me in mind of Joseph in Egypt." Nobody could tell why; but so it was; and so it sometimes happens with me—for seeing a picture of Joseph in Egypt hanging in the room this evening, it actually put me in mind of writing you a letter. By what concatenation or dislocation of ideas this was brought about, I have not just now leisure to explain, having other matters on hand.

We left Fincastle about eight days ago, and set forth up the great valley between the Blue Ridge and the Allegany, which must needs be called a valley, because it lies between two mountains. It is, however, in every part, too wide to accord with my ideas of a valley, and has mountains in the very centre of it. In addition to its various beauties, it contains the Natural Bridge, the Cave I mentioned formerly, and leads to Harper's Ferry, affording thus as many attractions to the tourist as perhaps any portion of the United States. It is all limestone

country; and where this prevails, the landscapes, I have observed, are always rich, variegated, and picturesque, and the earth fruitful. One day or other, when the roads in this part of the world shall become better, and the accommodations more comfortable, this region, I doubt not, will be resorted to from various parts, from motives of pleasure, health, or curiosity, by the idle, the invalid, and the fashionable.

After riding something more than a dozen miles, we struck upon James river, upwards of four hundred miles from its mouth, here a clear, deep, and gentle stream, navigable for large batteaux. We crossed it by a toll-bridge, and skirted it for some distance, till we came to a little town, the name of which I forget. The sun was just setting behind a high mountain, which comes to an untimely end just as it strikes the river; and its last rays fell on the sides of another ridge, into which the river quietly steals, and loses itself just below the village. Boats were lying along the beach, and wagons standing on the bank, the conductors of which were exchanging various characteristic jokes, levelled at each other's occupations. It was the old story of Mrs. Grundy and Dame Ashfield over and over again. Walking along the bank in the dusk of the evening, we heard them discussing the various merits of canoes and wagons, and telling most enormous stories of being stuck in the mud, or shooting rapids, some of which I would tell you over again, but that a good story in a batteaux don't do to tell everywhere. We slept at the house of a good Frenchman, who keeps a

store, and sells every thing, except his politeness, which he gives away to all like an honest fellow.

This is one of the many little towns we find in almost every part of this country, founded, I presume, upon *speculation*. It looks sadly like a rickety bantling, especially about the lower extremity, where there are several houses that exhibit, in and out, the genuine livery of poverty. It is a shame to tempt people from the wholesome labours of the field, and the enjoyment of a moderate independence, by puffing forth the speculative advantages of some little nook or corner along the river-side, where a town is founded—upon speculation—grows for a little while with inauspicious rapidity—then lingers awhile between life and death, and then sinks into a modern ruin, leaving the poor deluded adventurers high and dry on the shore, or rather steeped in poverty to the very lips. I don't absolutely say this is the case with the place I am speaking of, but it looks very *suspicious*; and I fear nothing but the modern *magnum bonum*, or philosopher's stone, to wit, a paper bank, can save it from going the way of all flesh. I would advise the legislature of Virginia to *locate*, as the phrase is, one of the contemplated litter of banks at this place, else, to use the words of Shakspeare, as Oliver does the classics—to suit my present purpose,

The uncapt dames, the mouldering palisades,  
The unroof'd *temples*, nay, the globe itself—  
(I mean the *sign* that creaks before the door)  
With all its store of whiskey, shall exhale,  
And like a baseless dream of speculation,  
Leave many a wreck (I mean of boats) behind,

I was roused early in the morning, but whether before sunrise or not, I could not tell, on account of a thick fog, common along these rivers, but which the lady of the house assured us was not unhealthy. All I can say is, it made me feel so aguish, that I began to comprehend the necessity of antifogmatics, very clearly, for a man in a fog. I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise not to repeat it—I actually took a mint-julep sily, while Oliver was cogitating over a piece of flint, which had stuck in his horse's hoof the evening before. I do believe he can see further into a millstone than most people. Thus prepared, I encountered the fog manfully, to oblige Oliver, whose impatience to see the Natural Bridge very naturally increased as we approached its neighbourhood. At about twelve o'clock we came to the house of a very merry and respectable gentleman, who cracks jokes, plays the fiddle, and condescends to entertain travellers, I believe more to accommodate the public than for gain; for he has a great farm, and every thing around him gives token of a goodly independence.

Being now within hail, we set out before dinner to see the bridge, distant, they say, a mile and a half, though it appeared to me at least six. Our guide was a most ancient and venerable Hessian, who, to use his own expression, was "*rented*" out to the King of England, by the legitimate Prince of Hesse Castle, to cut the throats of people who never did him any injury, and never certainly came in his way, being at a distance of some four thousand miles. For this

pleasant and Christian-like job, he received fourpence three farthings per day, his royal highness the Prince of Hesse deducting one penny farthing from the sixpence paid him by King George for the *privilege* of fighting the rebels. The old man acted as some of the heroes of chivalry did before him, when young ladies used to go about tilting in armour, disguised. He first fought and then fell in love with this blooming youthful land, and when the war was over, quietly remained behind, leaving King George to settle the account with his master as well as he could. He is "high gravel blind," like Launcelot Gobbo's father, and, like a true cicerone, destroys the effort of a sudden surprise, by telling you that you *will* be surprised by approaching the bridge without knowing it. The consequence is, that you approach cautiously, and to the great mortification of honest cicerone, are not surprised at all, by the suddenness of its appearance.

The late President Jefferson deserves the ill-will of every traveller in this part of the world, by having in his Notes on Virginia, a work now become classical, given a description of this bridge, so provokingly happy, so inexcusably correct, that none can expect to rival him, and therefore the less I say about it the better. All I will venture upon is, that as I looked down into the gulf from above, my knees shook under me; and as I looked up, from below, at its sweeping arch, blue as the Heavens that appeared above, and everlasting as the earth beneath, I was struck with a feeling of sublimity which no object I have ever

seen had hitherto inspired. We cannot measure the extent of our feelings of the sublime, by calculating the dimensions of any object; it is the effect, and not the cause, that furnishes the criterion of sublimity; and there is often in the arrangements of nature, something which produces a feeling independent of magnitude and dimensions, either by its simplicity, its aspect, its appearance of eternal duration, or its immeasurable superiority over similar works of man.

This is peculiarly the case with the Natural Bridge, which unites all those sources of the sublime. Its simplicity is admirable—it is one single blue, white-veined arch, unbroken and unornamented; its aspect is that of severe and adamantine hardness—unbroken by a single fissure, and indicating a duration without end—while its name and its uses cause a direct comparison between this lofty work of nature and the works of art erected for similar purposes. The result of this comparison, which crosses the mind quick as lightning, is a feeling of the sublime, more definite than that caused by the contemplation of natural objects, which do not challenge this direct and inevitable comparison with the productions of art. All the views of the Natural Bridge that I have seen are utterly deficient in conveying a tolerable idea of the general aspect and expression of this admirable scene, which seems calculated to mortify the pride of man, by proving that neither his imagination or his art is capable of conveying even a remote idea of its majestic beauty.

Some *leaden* genius, I know not who, has erected

a little wooden sentry-box on the top of the bridge, about the centre of the arch, and intersected it by a canvas tube reaching from the top to the bottom, thus destroying the unity of effect both above and below. His object was to make *shot*, although I am told there is no lead within half a thousand miles, except what may, peradventure, be detected in that part of his skull where other people's brains are usually found.

On our return, mine host played us a tune on the fiddle; beat Oliver at backgammon; cracked a joke or two upon *cicerone*; gave us a stout dinner, and packed us off right merrily on our way. By-the-by, a traveller ought never to laugh till he gets to the end of his day's journey, as there is no knowing what may happen by the way. A proof of this is, we got caught in a shower before we arrived at Lexington, and were in such a hurry to get there, that we missed admiring a very charming country until next morning, when the fog was so thick, that I am credibly informed a west country waggoner, in crossing over the Blue Ridge, ran plump into the face of the blessed sun, and gave him a sore bruise. This explains the veritable cause of the spot which has given so much uneasiness, as I perceive, to the supervisors of that glorious luminary. Farewell. I expect to find a letter from you at Staunton.

## LETTER XXVII.

DEAR FRANK,

OUR worthy friend, brother Jonathan, though a pretty high-spirited independent fellow in most respects, has a mortal hankering after Johnny Bull's cast-off clothes. Whenever John throws off an old coat, or a worn-out pair of breeches, nothing will do but Jonathan must put them on, and strut about from Boston to Georgia, to show off his second-hand finery. So with my lady, Mrs. Jonathan, who copies Mrs. Bull in all her fashionable equipments. This imitative habit is the strongest proof of a want of original genius that can be, and produces the most ridiculous inconsistencies, both in dress and in much more important matters. Ever since it was unaccountably found out there was such a wonderful resemblance between the constitution of an English hereditary monarchy, and an American democratic elective republic, our political doctors draw all their nostrums from the practice of British schools; without considering whether the stimulating prescription that will serve to revivify for awhile an old worn-out system, may not very likely prove highly injurious to a healthy and youthful constitution. It would be well for these statesmen, I think, to dip a little now and then into a certain "Inquiry" of John Taylor, of



Caroline, and consider whether that system, the complete triumph of which has impoverished a people, and made millions of beggars, is founded upon a basis of wisdom so immutable as they would lead us to believe.

It is an easy matter for a congressional orator to quote Pitt, or Burke, in support of his argument ;— this requires nothing but a good memory. But it would be much better, though not quite so easy, to look this country in the face; study her aspect, her wants, her peculiar advantages and disadvantages, and then to form his political system on these ; and not, as is the fashion of the times, on inapplicable precedents, and examples not possessing a single feature of analogy. Edmund Burke exhibited inconsistencies in his political opinions, that, if they do not impeach his virtue, at least call in question his wisdom ; for a virtuous man seldom—a wise one never—flies to opposite extremes. In the meridian of his manlier intellect, when he produced the masterpieces of his genius, he was a friend to the rights of the people, and an opponent to the prerogatives of the king. But in his old age, when grown timid, avicious, and poor withal, he changed his opinions, and fancied he had become wise, when he had only become unfeeling. Men often grow wise in this way, by losing all the noble and disinterested feelings of youth, rather than by gaining any accession of wisdom. With some people, wisdom is only selfishness.

This dunce-like attachment to old standing rules, which time, or change of circumstance or situation

have rendered inapplicable, extends even to inquiries respecting matters in which a man's own individual feelings alone are concerned, and which the tribunal of his own breast ought alone to decide. Even here brother Jonathan must needs resort to English authority, and inquire what Edmund Burke did or said on the occasion, rather than consult his own feelings as to what is becoming in him to do. Nay, if Johnny Bull becomes religious, brother Jonathan must become so too; if one sends missionaries to the Brahmins, the other must go about begging for the same purpose; if one affects to encourage the fine arts, the other must have his academies;—and if the one institutes societies for remedying in some degree those tremendous inequalities of wealth and extremes of poverty, brought about by the abuses of an old system, the other must say “ditto to Mr. Burke,” and follow the fashion, though no such inequalities exist here to make it necessary; and if it is the fashion abroad to make dumb men mighty philosophers, be sure it will take in this country. Those who laugh in their sleeves are content to be silent, knowing that absurdities which, if let alone, would soon die a natural death, often become eternal by opposition.

But what renders all this mighty ridiculous is, that it is but second-hand finery, which we only get when they are sick of it abroad. There was a German shoemaker Jew, who turned Christian, it is said, and preached in London, to the great delight of the old ladies, and the old gentlemen in petticoats. They grew tired of his stupidity and ignorance at last.

and now I perceive he has come to this country to try how his old coat will fit brother Jonathan. In no instance, however, is this propensity to imitation carried to such ridiculous extremes, as in the manner of dressing practised by Mrs. Jonathan, who has a most vehement desire to figure with Mrs. Bull, and the rest. Independently of the great difference in climate between our northern parts, and England or France, it is generally about three or four months after their invention abroad that Mrs. Jonathan gets the fashions. It generally happens, therefore, that the modes invented and adapted for summer there, become the dress of our ladies for autumn or winter; and so with respect to the other seasons. No wonder our dear little girls so often cover their friends with suits of mourning, and break the hearts of their lovers, by dying of consumptions. On some future occasion, I may perhaps trace the effects of this propensity for John Bull's old clothes, on our literature, where it is most important of all, because it strikes at the root of every thing we do, and say, and think, and feel. At present I have merely trifled on the subject; but I have said enough to tire myself, and to raise a hornet's nest about my ears, if it were known that I don't believe in all sorts of societies; nor in dumb philosophers; nor converted journey-men Jew shoemakers; nor, least of all, in the hopeful idea that some half a dozen ignorant missionaries, who never performed a miracle at home, are able, without a miracle, to convert men from the religion of Brahma, fortified, as it is, beyond any other

system ever devised, and become more sacred in the eyes of its professors, by a duration of which none can tell the beginning.

But I am getting a bad habit of digressing in such a desperate manner; that sometimes I have hard work to find what I ought to be talking about. It seems with me as it fared with Achilles, of whom it was foretold, that if he ever left his native home, he would never return. So, if I lose my subject, I seem fated never to find it again, as the poor man in the Rambler, who strayed about in search of flowers, till he could neither find the place of his destination, nor that of his departure. But I am not without some excuse; for owing to the various causes I have touched on heretofore, a traveller could not possibly get along if he told of nothing but what actually occurred to him, and of nothing but what he actually saw or heard.

In reading the relations of old travellers, I am tempted almost to believe, that every thing in this country has been, for two centuries at least, growing downwards, like unto a cow's tail. The Baron la Hontan, who wrote in 1683, says, the Fall of Niagara was then between seven and eight hundred feet high. "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!" Nothing ever equalled it, except Adam's fall, the greatest I ever heard of. Father Charlevoix charges the baron with being a baron of the order of Munchausen; but the good father himself, who wrote in 1720, in order to shine, I suppose, by contrast, tells several matters of fact that require great faith in the

reader to credit. For my part, I don't believe one of these, except the story of the eagle, who, now-a-days, I suppose, economizes his wood, on account of its growing scarce. He talks of rattlesnakes thicker than a man's thigh ; of eagles' nests from which they got a full cart load of wood ; of owls who cunningly broke the toes of mice, to prevent the little rogues from running away, and then fattened them in hollow trees for their winter's food ; of elks curing themselves of the epilepsy by scratching the left ear with the right hoof until it bled ; and of other matters utterly *unswallowable*, as Doctor Johnson does *not* say. It was worth while to travel in those days, when a man had the country all to himself as it were. But now, the learned people will not believe any thing but their own theories ; and the unlearned believe nothing but what is probable. As to yourself, I can hardly tell where to class you ; for while you scout the idea of cats' sneezing being ominous of a storm, you believe in the Huttonian theory ; and while you deny that crabs grow fat at the full of the moon, you put full faith in the story of a shower of crabs which it is said once fell, out in the West Indies.

The little town of Lexington, somewhere about which I believe I left myself in my last letter, is charmingly situated in the midst of a rich country, gently undulating like the waves of the ocean. Around it are many fine farms, and pleasant country houses, conveying an idea of that delightful repose, that quiet independence, which is so peculiarly the lot of him who cultivates the soil ; and which, who-

ever knows when he is well off, will never be tempted to resign by the allurements of sudden wealth, or commercial glitter.

*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint*—I forget the rest—says honest farmer Virgil, who, if he knew any thing about farming, was an exception to all the poets I ever knew, either personally or by report. This was all I could see of the country, just in the environs of Lexington; for it was raining, as I mentioned, when we arrived, and foggy when we departed. But I saw enough to convince me the landscape was beautiful. I saw in the town a handsome courthouse and church, both of brick; a proof there is both law and gospel in Virginia, though aunt Kate don't believe a word of it. Farewell.

## LETTER XXVIII.

DEAR FRANK,

AT S—— I received your letter, giving all the city news. It grieves me to hear of the increasing abominations prevailing in that goodly metropolis, which seems destined to be for ever the sport of fashionable caprices, and rantipole eccentricities. I am consoled, however, for a great many things, by the exemplary conduct of the ladies, who, I understand, are grown so *economical*, that they save nearly half the expense of clothing, by paring off the superfluities above and below. This is setting a noble example, and I wonder the economical orators in congress have not made honourable mention of it before now. But I suppose they will next session ; for last winter, at Washington, I observed one of them taking particular notice of a lady not above half naked. The account you gave of aunt Kate diverted me out of all measure. You tell me, that not content with being already a member of six-and-forty charitable societies, she has lately got up one for the relief of the poor orphans, whose mothers have burned themselves on the funeral pile of their deceased husbands in the East Indies ! If things go on at this rate, honest industry will ere long become a mere slave to the self-created necessities of the idle, and every

beggar will have as many retainers to support his state and supply his wants, as a feudal baron. What business have men to be beggars in this plenteous land, where industry is ever the forerunner of independence, and poverty is so much the mere consequence of laziness and vice? I have heard of a fellow, who found his quarters in the state-prison so comfortable, that the very day after he was let out, he stole a turkey in the open day, on purpose to get back to the enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate*. I fear it is much the same with those who are only idle, and who become so much attached to a life supported at the expense of other people's labour, that they will never be brought to submit, except through sheer necessity, to the drudgery of working again. That this is the operation of indiscriminate charity, appears in the enormous increase of charitable societies, which are totally unnecessary, unless the number of poor is increased in proportion. What other reason is there for this accession of beggary, except the new facilities of living at the expense of industry? Is the country impoverished? Is the country overpeopled? Are the avenues of labour choked up, or are the means of obtaining an honest livelihood diminished, that we thus see one city alone taxed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, to support its poor, and twice that sum distributed through various other channels, for the same purpose? If these things go on, our cities will become saddled, in time, with a most precious inheritance of pauperism; for as the news of these promised lands spreads abroad, the



whole country will be depopulated of beggary and idleness, that will come from far and near, allured by the prospect of living pleasantly at the expense of other people. But enough of this beggarly subject.

In return for the interesting information conveyed in your letter, you ask me more questions than I can answer in six months. One of these has diverted me so much, that in pure gratitude for the amusement it afforded, I will take it in hand forthwith. I am sure aunt Kate put it into your wise head. You ask me seriously if there are any churches in this part of the world; and whether people ever go to church here, except when they are carried to be buried? I did not mention to you my stopping the Sunday before last at a rambling village, where I was smitten with the sight of a little church, for the purpose of attending the service. I generally keep these things to myself, for I think that a man who talks always about his religion is pretty much on a par with one who does the same of his honesty. I would n't trust either quite as far as I could see him. But I will now answer your question by telling you all about it.

You must know, that after riding about a dozen miles before breakfast one Sunday morning, we came to a village, at the end of which there was a little neat stone church, almost buried in a wood of lofty oaks, under which there was a green lawn without any underwood. It reminded me of an old familiar scene of early days, and also of a great duty; and after breakfast we went with our good landlady to church. The pew was close by an open window,

out of which you could see through the opening trees a little clear river. Farther on a broad expanse of green meadow—beyond that a far-fading mountain—and above it a bright blue sky. What a path for a man's thoughts to ascend to Heaven! Nothing was heard but the chirping of birds, peeping sometimes into the window; or the cautious footsteps of the villagers, creeping up the aisle, until the service commenced.

The hymn was sung first, and began with, "There is a land of pure delight," &c. and was chanted with that plaintive simplicity we sometimes notice in the ballad of a country lad, of a summer's evening. The appearance of the preacher was as simple as his discourse; and there was nothing to mark any peculiarity, except a Scottish accent that announced his parentage. There was no need of his proclaiming the beneficence, or power of the Divinity, for the balmy air, the glowing sunshine, the rich and plentiful fields, that lay spread around as far as the eye could reach, told of the one; while the lofty mountains, visible in every direction, proclaimed the other. He left the attributes of the Deity to be read in his glorious works, and with simple pathos, called on his hearers to show their gratitude for his dispensations, by the decency, usefulness, and peacefulness of their lives. His precepts denounced no innocent recreation, and I was told his example encouraged no vice or irregularity—not even the besetting sin of his profession, pride and arrogance. He ended his discourse without any theatrical flourish of trumpets;

and I believe without creating in his hearers any other feeling than that of a gentle quiet sentiment of devotion, not so high toned, but more lasting and salutary than mere enthusiasm. Another hymn was sung, and the audience came out of church, but waited on either side of the path outside the door, to shake hands and say how-d'ye-do, as is the good old country custom.

There was nothing certainly in all this, but what may be seen in almost any church, and yet it made an impression on me that is still pleasing and touching in the remembrance. I don't know how it is, but there is something in the repose of the country, and particularly in the silence and shade of deep groves, that is allied to religious emotions by some inscrutable tie. Perhaps it is because almost every object we see in the country is the work of Deity, and every object common to cities the work of man. Though we do not make the comparison consciously, yet the result is the same ; or perhaps much more forcible, because the impression is that of feeling, rather than of reasoning.

If I doubted the divinity of the Christian faith, which I do not, seeing as I do the influence of its pure morality, its humane, and benignant, and softening precepts, I would never whisper of doubt. Independently of the sad effects that would result from weakening the foundation of this system of morals, in the minds of those who have not capacity to perceive its importance to the happiness of society, and therefore follow it from a conviction of its divine

origin, the attempt would deservedly end in disgrace and discomfiture. None but a vain and foolish man would, therefore, undertake the task of weakening the force of any of those beneficial opinions, which, if not founded in truth, are at least necessary to the well-being of society. The ignorant will oppose him from the influence of an old-established habit of thinking, and the wise from a conviction of the salutary effect of such impressions.

Nothing can more completely show the importance of religion, not only to the morals, but the manners of the great mass of mankind, than the contrast afforded by a village where there is regular service every Sabbath-day, and one where there is none. In the former you see a different style of manners entirely. Instead of lounging at a tavern, dirty and unshaven, the men are seen decently dressed and shaved, for the purpose of going to church; and the women exhibiting an air of neatness quite attractive. Whether they go to church to pray, or pass their time, to see their neighbours and be seen, or to show off their Sunday clothes, it keeps them from misusing the Sabbath, and polluting the periods of rest and relaxation, by practices either injurious to themselves or disgraceful to society. Whoever has become acquainted with the nature of man, first by his own experience, and next by an observation of others, must be fully convinced of the importance of giving him amusements that are not vicious, and modes of relaxation that are innocent. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy"—so does it make him a dull

and stupid man. Men, in truth, cannot always be employed; and those who are unable to supply the tedium of bodily inertness, by the exercise of the mind, will—I say *will*, amuse themselves in some way or other. If you afford them the means of attending church on the Sabbath—the most dangerous day of the week, because a day of idleness—whatever be their motives for going there, both their morals and their manners will be softened, by having some object for decency in dress and behaviour; and something salutary to attract them in the dangerous interregnum of a day of leisure.

Having answered your first inquiry, I shall take up the others when it suits my convenience, or when I have nothing else to write about. Good by.

## LETTER XXIX.

DEAR FRANK,

YESTERDAY we laid by at the little town of W—. It was court time, and two lawyers, the pick of the whole country round, were to take the field against each other, in a suit between a wagoner and a batteauxman, in a case of assault and battery. You are to understand, the beautiful river Shenandoah passes not far from this town, and is navigable for batteaux; while at no great distance runs the great western road, which is travelled by the west country wagoners—some of whom, you know, are “half horse, half alligator;” others “part earthquake, and a little of the steam-boat;” and others compounded, according to their own accounts, of ingredients altogether different from the common constituent parts of the rest of mankind. The batteauxmen are, for the most part, composed of materials equally combustible; and the consequence is, that occasionally, when they meet, they strike fire, and blow up the powder-magazine each carries about him in the form of a heart.

The history of the present contest, as detailed by the counsel for the plaintiff, is as follows:—One summer evening, when the mild air, the purple light, the green earth, and the blue sky, all seemed to invite to peace and repose, the batteauxman fastened his boat to the stump of a tree, lighted his fire to broil his

bacon, and began to sing that famous song of "The 'possum up the gum-tree." By-and-by a west country wagoner chanced to come jingling his bells that way, and stopping his wagon, unhooked his horses, carried them round to the little trough at the back of his vehicle, gave them some *shorts*, sat himself down at the top of the bank, below which the batteauxman was sitting in his boat, and began to whistle "The batteauxman robb'd the old woman's hen-roost." The batteauxman cocked his eye at the wagoner, and the wagoner looking askance down on the batteauxman, took a chew of tobacco with a leer that was particularly irritating. The batteauxman drew out his whiskey-bottle, took a drink, and put the cork in again, at the same time thrusting his tongue into his cheek in a manner not to be borne. The wagoner flapped his hands against his hips, and crowed like a cock; the batteauxman curved his neck, and neighed like a horse. Being, however, men of rather phlegmatic habits, they kept their tempers so far as not to come to blows just then. In a few minutes the wagoner swore "he had the handsomest sweetheart of any man in all Greenbriar." The batteauxman jumped up in a passion, but sat down again, and took a drink. In a few minutes the wagoner swore "he had the finest horse of any man in a hundred miles." The batteauxman bounced up, pulled the waistband of his trowsers, took another drink, and bounced down again. A minute after the wagoner swore "he had a better rifle than any man that ever wore a blue jacket." This was too much—for the batteauxman

wore a jacket of that colour, and of course this amounted to a personal insult. Besides, to attack a man's rifle! He could have borne any reflection on his sweetheart, or his horse; but to touch his rifle, was to touch his honour. Off went the blue jacket; the batteauxman scrambled up the bank, and a set-to commenced, that ended in the total discomfiture of the wagoner, with the loss of three of his grinders, and the gain of "divers black and bloody bruises," as honest Lithgow says. The batteauxman waited till the moon rose, when he went whistling down the stream to carry the news of his victory to Old Potomac; and the poor wagoner went "to take the law," as a man says, when the law is about to take him.\*

The honest batteauxman was arrested on his return, for assault and battery on the west country wagoner. It being, you know, the great object of the law to find out which party is in the wrong, the lawyer of each side of course labours to throw the imputation on his adversary's client. It appeared clearly enough that the batteauxman made the first assault, but it also appeared in evidence that crowing like a cock was a direct challenge, according to the understanding of these people; that to undervalue a batteauxman's sweetheart or horse, whether he had any or not, was a mortal insult; and that to insinuate any inferiority in his rifle, was an offence which no one could put up with without dishonour. That such points of honour constituted the chivalry of

\* This story has since been introduced elsewhere, with modifications, and ascribed to a distinguished original of the west; but the above relation may be depended on.



these people ; that no class of mankind is without something of this nature ; that however low a man may be, there are insults he cannot submit to, without being degraded among his equals, who constitute his world ; and that to oblige him, in any situation, to put up with disgrace, was to debase his nature, and to destroy every manly principle within him. Trifling as this case may appear, it called forth a display of talent, and a depth of investigation as to how far it was possible, and if possible, how far it was salutary to attempt to repress the operation of those feelings which spur men in all situations to avoid disgrace at the risk of every thing, that gave me a high idea of the two advocates. They were both young men, new to the bar, yet they spoke with a degree of fluency, as well as self-possession, which is seldom exhibited by our young lawyers of the cities, whose genius is too frequently rebuked by the presence of an audience. they can hardly hope to please, disheartened by the supercilious airs of the elder counsel, or overpowered by the deadening sense of inferiority.

I am fully convinced that the shortest, as well as the most certain way for a young man of talents in this profession to attain to eminence, is to go to some newly-settled part of the country, where, in comparative solitude, he can discipline his mind, and cultivate the reasoning faculty without interruption ; where he has neither bad models to imitate, or good ones to discourage his first exertions. To speak in public, in the presence of these we feel to be our in-

tellectual superiors, is a task from which the timidity of genius will ever shrink ; and can only be performed by minds hardened by practice, or insensible from natural stupidity. The result of this timidity on one hand, and hardihood on the other, is, that in the great cities genius sinks too frequently into hopeless despondency ; while the strong-nerved block-head, who despises the opinions of his superiors, not because he feels himself above them, but because he don't feel at all, rises, in spite of his destiny, to notice and independence.

The young lawyer, therefore, who would rise into consequence and wealth, before his head grows gray with age, would do well to emigrate to some one of the new states, instead of running to seed in the cities, or supporting a precarious existence by watching the docks, to incite sailors to go to law ; diving into stews for assaults and batteries, or haunting the quarter-sessions to get a fee of five dollars from some wretched bridewell bird. There they would take root with the first planting of the community, and grow up with the growth of numbers, wealth, and business. They would soon afford to take an office by themselves, instead of joining stocks, and hunting in couples, as they are forced to do in cities, for want of gallant enterprise to emigrate to the glowing west, where talent and industry are the sure forerunners of an independent fortune and political consequence. Thus riches and honour beckon him to pursue,—for whatever may be thought of these matters upon Change, it has lately occurred to me, in

the course of my experience, that a judge, or a member of congress, is nearly as important a personage as a president of an insurance company, a bank director, or even a rich money broker. To you, who have lately seen ten times the interest excited by the election of the Directors of the United States Bank that there was during the election of a President of the United States, this may appear absurd. And so it would be, if all the rest of this country were like the great cities, where not only they worship the divinity of gold, but adore a spurious counterfeit in rags; where respect is paid to little else, and where the value of money is splendidly demonstrated by its power to elevate the lowest reptile to the rank of man, and to an association with human beings. In such a place, where so large a portion of those with whom you associate, and whose opinions influence your own, are more or less dependent for existence on banks, a bank director may indeed be the depository of incalculable dignity; but where the invincible money-getting demon has not yet worked his way into the human heart, like a worm in a chestnut, men derive their dignity, respect, and consequence, from sources far more pure, noble, and elevated. They must possess talents; and if destitute of principle, must at least affect what they do not feel, and thus pay homage to the shrine which they have deserted. Thus even hypocrisy may become useful by showing how valuable that virtue must be, the mere counterfeit of which is thus cherished and rewarded. Farewell.

## LETTER XXX.

DEAR FRANK,

IN ranging up the valley from Staunton to W——, where I now am, we passed through a fine country of limestone, abounding in gay meadows, and pure springs, and bordered on all sides by mountains. The distance is about one hundred miles, and there are several towns in the way, which, however, do not exhibit any great appearance of growth or prosperity. They are generally the county seats, and depend, in a great degree, on the expenditures of those who are brought there by law business, and the employment given to the tradesmen of different kinds, by a circle of the surrounding country, of which each town forms a sort of centre. As new towns are founded in various places, this circle of course diminishes; and as new roads are made, or obstructions in the rivers removed, the little trade they enjoy is carried very often in another direction. Hence it is that our little towns are so apt to grow up prematurely for awhile, when they are all at once arrested in their growth by neighbouring rivals, or by a change given to the course of business, and often decay with the same rapidity they arose. The truth is, that we have too many towns; and so it will ere long be found, if I am not mistaken. We have too many

traders of various kinds, at least in the Atlantic States, who will ere long be obliged to turn to some other profession, or emigrate to the new states. It appears sufficiently evident to me, in the complaints we begin to hear, of the want of business and of employment among all classes of people in the cities, which is in some degree owing to the general pacification of the world, which has turned millions of soldiers into other directions, and enabled millions of people to supply their own wants, who before depended upon others. The people thus thrown out of employment in the cities and towns must emigrate, as I said before, or resort to new professions, or become paupers, and eat soup at other people's expense. It is a shame to our country, whose peculiar boast it was to be free in so great a degree from pauperism, to see the deplorable increase of this fatal disease, which saps the foundation of freedom, by creating a set of men dependent for their support, not on their own exertions, but the bounty of others; and, consequently, the mere tools of those who keep them from starving. These are the kind of people who make instruments in the hands of the rich for the destruction of freedom. When once men have lost the honest pride which shrinks from receiving charity from any human being, they lose the best support of their nature, and the most powerful motive to exertion. It may sound harsh; but the penalty of begging, as a profession, should ever be,—to be universally despised; in order to render it the very last means to which man will resort for his support.

But to return. I was saying, that we have too many people living in cities, in proportion to our farmers, who, after all, are the backbone of every country, whence originates its solid riches and its solid strength. At a time when every other class of labourers are crying out in the streets of our cities about hard times, and many of them forced to beg work, or starve, we don't hear of the farmer suffering any inconvenience; or if he suffers, you don't hear him complain. If it is urged, that the high price of all his produce is a sufficient reason for his not grumbling, I will answer, that he gives as high a price for what he must buy, as he gets for what he sells, so the balance is even. It is not this. It is because the farmers in every country, except one, where they have fallen victims to the accumulated numbers of commerce and manufactures, and to a system of inordinate expenditure, are the most independent of all men, and most emphatically so in this country. Here we have yet an-unpeopled world, a blooming, and almost uninhabited Eden in the west, whose bosom is opened to the industrious and enterprising, and where millions of men may set themselves down without creating a famine, since they will ever be able to derive from the earth more than is sufficient for their support.

Yet still our people cling to the towns and cities, attracted by the hope of sudden wealth, and despising the slow, yet sure, rewards of agriculture, which, without leading a man to inordinate riches, secure him for ever from the chances of sinking into beggary

or want. The race of paupers receives few recruits from them ; for in all my sojournings, I may say with truth, that I never saw the industrious farmer forsaken, "or his seed begging their bread." One great cause of the disproportion of numbers which I have noticed between the agricultural and other classes of the community, is the great system of paper-money, which has struck at the root of regular, persevering industry, whose rewards, though slow, are always sure. For some years back, hardly a tradesman in our cities, and of late in our little towns (each of which, however insignificant, has now its snug little bank) thinks of growing rich by his industry. No ; he must get accommodations at some bank, and plunge into speculations ; nor can you now go into a cobbler's stall without seeing a bank notice, or perhaps two or three, stuck up with an awl at the chimneypiece, to remind the honest gentleman that he owes a great deal more than he can pay. Thus is the axe laid to the very root of national morals, and consequently national prosperity, and the whole American people, farmers excepted, sunk into an abject subjection to banks and their directors.

This thing went on, at first, most swimmingly, while we were the carriers of the world, and while this universal system of borrowing was supported by the facility of employing the immense false capital created by the banking institutions, which has been let loose upon us of late years without limit. But all at once, the opening for the employment of this borrowed paper closes, leaving the borrower in debt

over head and ears. Then the reaction of the system begins. The banks are called upon to resume the payment of specie, which they can't do without curtailing discounts—which they cannot do without ruining several honest people, who have made a great figure without ever having been worth a groat—which cannot be done without throwing out of employment many labourers and mechanics whom these honest gentlemen paid with the money they borrowed from the banks. This is precisely the case that will probably soon occur,—when the farce of specie payments commences, and which will come probably to the following pleasant denouement: The banks will commence the payment of specie with great pomp, and perhaps some of them may muster a hundred dollars to jingle on the counter; but having the merchants completely under their thumbs by means of their power of granting or refusing those accommodations, without which no merchant now thinks of carrying on business, they will give the poor dependants to understand, that if they ever dare to ask for a dollar of specie from the bank, their discounts shall cease. Thus will the circulation of specie be effectually checked in the outset; the race of little twopenny rags perpetuated; and the great truth again be demonstrated, that no instance has occurred where a bank that had once stopped payment ever resumed it again, except in the way it will probably be done here—by offering to pay specie, but at the same time annexing a penalty to the demand; which nine out of ten will not dare to incur. Farewell.



## LETTER XXXI.

DEAR FRANK,

I HAVE often regretted that our young men, whose fortune it is to have leisure, means, and opportunity, instead of gadding into foreign countries, did not sometimes take it into their heads to visit their own. All that is worth knowing of Europe, may be learned from books; and it too generally happens that a visit to the celebrated scenes of antiquity, answers no other purpose than to diminish our enthusiasm, by substituting the impression of a dull insignificant reality, in the place of a glowing picture of the imagination. I do not find that these pilgrims to the shrine of the classics, return with more vivid impressions of ancient genius or magnificence; on the contrary, the only ideas they in general seem to have retained, are those of beggars infesting their way; mule-drivers attempting every species of extortion; inns abounding in inconveniences and fleas; and inn-keepers practising every art of imposition. In short, the labours and privations of the journey seem to have obliterated every agreeable or sublime impression from their recollection. Yet it must be confessed they have one advantage. They can contradict both history and tradition, as well as palm upon their hearers the most stupid absurdities, since there is no

resisting the testimony of a man who has been on the spot, and seen with his own eyes, even though he should run counter to the best authorities, and relate impossibilities. A visit to Italy, besides, makes a man of course a connoisseur in all the fine arts, and enables him to abuse every thing in this country with great effect. It is like a degree at college, which makes a man a scholar in spite of his teeth, and confers upon the fortune-travelled youth, pretty much the same distinction that is obtained by the pious mussulman who visits the shrine of Mecca, and stultifies himself with opium by the way.

I dare say you remember H——, the son of the honest old mouser in —— street, who, after living in dust and cobwebs forty years, came out at last a fine gentleman, by the aid of money, meanness, and ostentation. Nothing would serve him, but his son Bobby must go abroad and get a polish, for it was past the art of this country to do it; and so far the old man was right. But in order to join pleasure and profit, (two ideas the old man could never separate in the whole course of his life,) he got him made supercargo to a ship, and away he went. Bobby had never been ten miles from the city, and knew no more of the country than a bank director. He knew, however, I will do him the justice to say, the names of several inland towns, for he had seen them tacked to the names of some of the debtors in his father's ledger, which, with the exception of the old man's bank-book, was the only book he had looked into since he left school. But Bobby had excellent

recommendations from several warm men on Change, and his father had given a grand dinner to one or two foreign ministers, who, of course, could not refuse him letters. Away went Bobby to Bordeaux, sold his cargo, pocketed the money, and hied him to Paris.

The first thing he did was to Frenchify himself with a little short-skirted coat, with buttons nearly as far apart as the pillars of Hercules. His letters procured him admission into the politest circles, which, to the credit of Paris, are always literary; and he had learned French by the newly-invented patent method, in twenty lessons. It is to be observed, that among the learned on the continent of Europe, there is no country in the world which excites so much curiosity and interest as ours. To the mutual credit of freedom and philosophy, nearly all the distinguished philosophers of the age are friends to rational liberty, and now looking anxiously towards the United States, to witness the success of a great experiment, which is to decide, probably for ever, whether their theories of the capacity of mankind to govern themselves, are well or ill founded. It is here they feel that the question is to be decided, and not only their more enlarged benevolence, but their self-love, is nearly concerned in the result, which is to decide whether they are mere visionary speculators, or grave and judicious teachers. They are consequently very inquisitive, with regard to the situation of the United States; as a body politic. The scientific men, on the other hand, having exhausted all the novelties of the old, look to the new world for

facts to uphold, or overthrow, their own or other theories ; and the polite will select a traveller's own country as the subject of inquiry, because it is one with which he is supposed to be best acquainted.

Bobby was of course questioned on these matters. Sometimes he could not answer ; at others it was still worse, for he answered like a blockhead. The savans took snuff at him ; and the ladies pronounced him *ame de boue*, which was as far as their politeness would permit them to go. Bobby was *cut*, as the saying is ; for among the learned, the witty, and the wise, a man who brings nothing with him, is very likely to take nothing away, unless he is a good laugh, and an intelligent listener ; that is to say, listens as if he understood. But a man with the proceeds of a cargo in his purse, need not be without society, and can find friends even in Paris. Bobby found a plenty who demonstrated their regard by liberally shaving his purse, letting him pay their bills, and calling him "a d—d fine fellow." To make an end, Bobby came home, in about two years, and old H—— was obliged to post the proceeds of the cargo to profit and loss. This so affected the old man, that he broke up his gentility, and went through a retrograde transmigration, by changing from butterfly to grub-worm, after having changed from grub-worm to butterfly. Nevertheless, Bobby became a person of great distinction in the beau monde, and has ever since decided on the affairs of France, with as little opposition as the allied powers do at this time.

So long as this distinction is attained to in society,

merely from the circumstance of having been a year or two abroad, it is to be feared that our young men will continue as heretofore, better acquainted with every other country than their own; which, of all others, is best worthy of their attention, as of all others it ought to be nearest their hearts. The inhabitants of the United States, so far as I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, are that sort of people who, the more they know, the more they like each other; and it is a great pity that those whose talents, station, or fortune, give them an influence in society, would not go amongst each other; receive and bestow those courtesies, that are the sure forerunners of hearty good-will: and get rid of some of those silly and absurd antipathies that were ingrafted on error, or originated in characteristic peculiarities, that no longer exist, if indeed they ever existed at all. I have seldom or ever seen two honest worthy men fall together, even under the most unfavourable impressions of each other, who did not, in a little time, come to a good understanding, and wonder what could have made them enemies. There is something in being *amongst* people, sharing their enjoyments, partaking in all the good things of the world with them, and being happy in their society, that few good people can resist; and those that can, are not the men for my money. For my part, the more I see of my countrymen, the more I like the honest fellows; and this I will say of them, I never was in any place in the United States, where I did not find friends and a welcome.

Independently of the gratification that would result from thus shaking hands, and becoming acquainted with our widely-diffused countrymen, the domestic traveller would see various shades of society he has never seen before, and contemplate civilized man in circumstances and situations in which he cannot be viewed in any other part of the world. I don't mean in our cities, for there is little diversity; I mean along the banks of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and their various tributary streams, where exists a race of men, active, hardy, vigilant, enterprising, and fearless as the Indian, with as much learning, genuine politeness, and various intelligence, as those who inhabit the Athens of America. In all the grand and beautiful features of landscape, in variety of scenery, in every thing that constitutes the divinity of nature, this country is equal, and indeed superior, to most; and in no part of the world, perhaps, can the pure admirer of nature be more easily and variously gratified. Yet hitherto no American, that I know of, has thought it worth his while to traverse it with a view of correcting the erroneous impressions entertained by the inhabitants of the various sections, with respect to each other; exposing the misrepresentations of prejudiced, ignorant, or interested foreign travellers; and giving to his countrymen a picture of themselves, such as would be drawn by a brother, who, in telling their faults, would do justice to their virtues.

Had I leisure, opportunity, and another trifling requisite, I mean talent, I would most assuredly think

of this task. As it is, I can only earnestly wish, that some one, better qualified than myself, would undertake it. If he did it as it ought to be done, he would confer a lasting benefit on his country, and ensure himself a reward, to which all other sublunary ones are nothing—a lasting and blameless fame. Good night.

## LETTER XXXII.

DEAR FRANK,

IN the letter I received from you sometime ago, which, by the way, is the only one I have got, in return for at least fifty of mine, you inquired if it was really the fact that the people of this part of the world were more hospitable than in ours? As I have leisure just now, and have seen nothing worth talking about since I wrote last, I will proceed to answer your question in the affirmative; though, I confess, my *local* feelings suffer in the confession.

The mania of this truly philosophical age, is that of accounting for every thing we see, hear, or feel, upon philosophical principles; and as I do not wish to be out of fashion, either in dress, or any thing that is not actually bad or preposterous, I would proceed to account, as well as I can, for this spirit of hospitality, which, wherever it exists, confers lustre upon a country. It is one of the finest of national characteristics; and it is in a great measure owing to this, that little Ireland, with all its bulls and oddities, is still a sort of pet nation to all the world, except its stern stepdame, Old England.

The truth seems to be, and it is a sort of libel on civilization, that in proportion as nations attain to a certain degree of what by courtesy is called refine-



ment, they lose their hospitable habits ; and the interchange of civilities then becomes, like almost every thing else, a mere matter of barter, among people who give entertainments, that they may receive them in return ; the stranger does not partake of these, because he is not in a situation to repay them in kind ; unless, indeed, he is of sufficient consequence to make his entertainment a matter of honour to his host. This effect of refinement on society, would lead me naturally to inquire, if I had time or patience, into a very interesting question, whether the acquisition of this refinement, by deadening or repressing the exercise of many liberal and manly virtues, does not in reality injure society, by taking away from the shirt to give to the ruffle ? Perhaps I may give you more of this by-and-by ; at present, I must get on with the matter more immediately in hand.

It appears to me, that the progress of nations in arts, riches, and refinement, is exactly in an inverse ratio with the more liberal qualities of the heart ; and that there is a happy medium, in which the human faculties, as well as the human feelings, are poised in their nicest balance. Thus we find that certain high and heroic qualities are common among people called barbarous, because they do not pay quite so much attention to elegance of decoration, or mere personal comforts, which, if seen at all, are of very rare occurrence among those who arrogate to themselves a superior degree of refinement. Among these is that generous hospitality, which is practised among all nations, except such as excel in the fine

arts, and value themselves upon their breeding ; that is to say, upon a certain whimsical, artificial arrangement of certain empty courtesies, signifying nothing. All the nations of antiquity were hospitable till they became corrupt ; among them the stranger was a sacred character, and to do him violence, or refuse him shelter, was an offence to the gods. The only life, the stern, unfeeling politician Ulysses ever spared, was that of Heliakon, *because he remembered the hospitality of his father*. To this day, we find that there is ten times the hospitality in Asia, which is stigmatized as semi-barbarous, than there is in Europe, where what little we find, is among the poorer and less refined class of people. The Mahometan exclaims, "Allah, forbid ! I should receive money for entertaining the stranger ;" the European gets as much out of him as he can ; or if he is too proud to take his money, turns him from his door. In fact, to sum up all on this head, I do most heartily believe, that what is called a refined state of society, destroys more of the high heroic qualities of human nature, than it can possibly make amends for in any other way ; and that the frivolous distinctions which grow out of such a sterile soil, are utterly at war with the sublimer efforts of genius and virtue.

I have heard it often remarked in our part of the world, with great self-complacency, by portly traders and brokers, who fancied themselves at the pinnacle of refinement, because they had a splendid equipage and fine furniture, "that the middle and eastern states were at least a century before the southern, in re-

finement and civilization." Upon inquiring into the grounds of this notion, I found it uniformly originated in the vulgar practice of confounding mere personal comforts, and little domestic knick-knackery, with the qualities of the mind, or the exercises of the intellectual faculties. Thus, in the eyes of stupidity, the fine coat makes the gentleman, all over the world. Now I am willing to allow, that in our part of the world they have better roads, bridges, taverns, etc., and that their houses are better painted, and their farms in better order, than in the south. I will allow, too, that all these are good things, and that people are right enough in having them; but I cannot accept of these as the criterion of either refinement of manners, or elevation of intellect. On the contrary, experience verifies the fact, that the most lofty intellect, and the greatest heroism, is generally connected with an indifference to these little vulgar niceties and snug comforts. I have been among a certain class of people, whose farms were perfect gardens; whose houses were complete in every respect, and withal well painted; and whose cattle were better lodged than many white men in other places. Yet they were the most stupid of the human race; destitute of almost every quality that gives dignity to our nature, and void of every intellectual gift, except the instinct of making and saving money. Shall we say that these have made greater progress in refinement and civilization, than people whose cattle are not quite so well lodged?

The day before yesterday, we stopped at the

house of a sturdy four-square German, who, we were told, entertained travellers, as is the custom in this part of the world. Every thing about him bore the appearance of comfort and competency. His house was large, his fences in prime order, his cattle looked like mammoths in the fields; his green meadows extended all around his mansion, here and there exhibiting a little village of haystacks; his barn was of stone, as big as an ancient baronial castle; and in his mouth he carried a pipe, three feet long, an indubitable sign of his being well to do in the world. I found the old man grumbling in a sort of subterranean tone, about the taxes he was obliged to pay to the government, which he considered enormous. As I had all along been led to believe, that the taxes in this country were mere nothing, I was somewhat surprised at this, and asked him the amount he paid. "Fifteen dollars and thirty-seven and a half cents." How much land have you? "Twelve hundred acres." Does that fine grist-mill belong to you? "Yes." Are all the cattle I see, your's? "Yes." How much wheat did you raise this year? "A little rising of five thousand bushels." Do you pay any tax on your mill? "No." On your cattle? "No." On your wheat? "No." Go to the d—l, thought I, for a grub-worm grumbler as thou art; but I was too polite to tell him so. While breakfast was getting ready by his two daughters, who were employed in this duty, while a younger one was tending a carding-machine in a little shed near the house, we talked a little politics, as usual; a subject about which every

man in this country, that knows any thing at all, knows something. I found him as stupid as an owl, with no other idea of liberty, than what was connected with the most sordid contemptible feeling. He would not have cared if the social system had gone to wreck, so he could have saved a penny in taxes. In settling for our breakfast, this comfortable dog palmed upon us a bank-note of some distant rag-manufactory, which, after attempting to pass several times, I threw into the fire, out of pure revenge against the bank from which it issued !

It so happened that the very same night we slept at a house of a very different description, belonging to a man who, according to the phrase in our parts, was at least a century behind the man at whose house we breakfasted. He was what is usually called a tall slab-sided Virginian; with bright blue eyes, high cheek-bones, with not enough fat about him to hold his ideas by the legs and wings, as Peter Pindar says. He received us with a sort of nonchalance which would have affronted a John Bull hugely, and which, to say the truth, was not very inviting. However, after we had talked to him a little while about his farm, and patted the heads of half a dozen little chubby rogues that were running about, he grew very pleasant, and entered into a conversation, in which he displayed a liberality of feeling, and of intelligence, that would have astonished people who connect *comfort*, as it is called, with much higher matters. I asked him about his taxes ; he merely smiled, and said they were so trifling he hardly

knew what they were. While we were chatting, a Kentucky pedestrian with a knapsack, came up, on his way home. He inquired for lodgings with the manly confidence of a freeman, and was received by our host in the same manner, precisely, that he received us. Nay, with rather more courtesy, for I have always observed that the better sort of minds unconsciously bristle up a little, at the approach of those who, *perhaps*, may claim a superiority, which they are not apt to acknowledge by any exhibition of deference. I must confess, however, that this man would have sunk very much in the balance by which refinement is sometimes estimated; for his house was neither painted, or in fact finished; and I actually detected three old petticoats stuffed in the upper windows. Then his barn was built of logs, with huge wide cracks between them; his fences were a little out of repair; and I plead guilty to the fact, of his cattle having little more fat on their ribs than their master. His house, too, was marvellously deficient in fine furniture, and we ate of one of the most plentiful meals I ever saw, from an oak table. When he found we did not take airs upon ourselves, he treated us with a sort of careless, manly freedom, at which, once or twice, I felt myself inclined to be a little offended, but which I have since reflected on with pleasure, as an indication of a mind, which even in a situation which, perhaps, more than any other, engenders and fosters a habit of cringing servility to superiors, and low-bred insolence to inferiors, had retained its primitive independence. In the morning

he was particular in giving us directions for our journey, and did not palm upon us a single uncurrent note, though I observed he had several, which had probably been palmed upon him by travellers, wittingly or unwittingly.

Now, Frank, get out of your city trammels, and tell me honestly, which of these two you think had made the greatest advances in refinement and civilization, and which stood highest in the scale of being? I know you will agree with me, in spite of the money-brokers, that the man with the petticoats stuck in his windows was worth an army of the others; and would become their master, if it ever came to a struggle of intellect, or a contest of spirit. The truth is, that people who are very particular about snugness, and personal comfort, and insignificant conveniences, or trifling decorations, that add little to real enjoyment, are generally very selfish in their feelings, and stinted in their intellects.

In travelling through Virginia, and the south, I soon found that if I met in the country an exceeding neat, well-painted, snug new wooden house, with every thing comfortable about it, I had better not stop there; it was no place for the traveller and stranger. No—I sought me out an old rusty mansion, uncontaminated by paint for many a year, whose owner had never been bitten by the money-making mania, and who had rather strangers would share the comforts of the interior, than admire the outside of his house. If I saw a broken pane stuffed with a petticoat, then I was sure of a welcome. It was like

the banner of the ancient barons; which, when displayed from the castle, betokened that the lord was at home, and would receive all that came. At these "gude houses" one is always sure of a welcome, unaffected and unostentatious; not the effect of a sudden fit of generosity, or accorded for the purpose of displaying to the eyes of a stranger the splendours of the house; but given without effort, as if it were not worth giving, and thus relieving the receiver from the weight of obligation. I have been at some of these places, and I hope in Heaven I shall visit many more, for of all the characters I covet for my country, that of hospitality is what I cherish most; not for the purpose of attaining to a name abroad, by entertaining men who have returned our hospitality with slanderous imputations, but as a noble disinterested interchange of kindness, and as a tie binding our people together, and giving them as it were a home in every corner of this great republic, they may chance to visit. For my part, not even the most substantial benefits warm my heart half so much as the recollection of the kind welcomes, it has sometimes fallen to my lot to receive at a distance from home, and among strangers.

This liberal hospitality, to whatever cause it may be owing, is more general in this part of the world, than where we have been educated; and is owing to the people being "a century behindhand with us," in the sense I have just explained. They are not yet so debauched with the sordid money-making spirit, which, when it once takes root in the heart of



man, is the *Bacon Upas*, that poisons the air we breathe, and kills every wholesome product of vegetation in its neighbourhood, creating a desert around. The time, however, seems to be fast approaching, when the *saving spirit* will pervade even the soil of Virginia, and the south; for there are actually instances of men selling their lands to become merchants and manufacturers, smitten by the imposing appearance of wealth and competency, exhibited by the dependants of banks. If this practice should continue, and increase, in a few years the race of old land-holders will be no more; their places will be occupied by spruce traders, who value money beyond all things, because it gives them a consequence nothing else can give, and who will sometimes sport a grand dinner to show their silver plate. The ancient spirit of hospitality will then be extinct where it once flourished, and those who seek it must go beyond the mountains to the new states, where it will finally take refuge. Money will then be not only virtue, but wisdom; and the true satiric allusion of the ancient statue, called *Hermathena*, which has puzzled the learned, be understood. This statue, you may recollect, represented Mercury, the god of thieves, lawyers, and merchants, and Minerva in the same body; alluding to the custom on Change, of making wealth and trickery synonymous with wisdom.

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On the face of them, these reasons appear plausible enough; but if we go a little deeper, I think their fallacy will be sufficiently apparent. In all my experience, I never saw a man or a nation get any thing by submitting to be insulted, except a repetition of insult. Submission is ever ascribed to cowardice, and even the exhibition of a spirited weakness, is more respectable than passive subserviency. Where there is a vast and apparent superiority in strength or dignity, a man or a nation may perhaps afford to be magnanimous, and overlook insult, indignity, or abuse. But among equals, or with inferiors, such a course is always ascribed to cowardice. The Quaker policy won't do among nations, unless all nations turn Quakers. The United States have not yet quite arrived at that elevation that they can look down on the opinions of the world, and magnanimously snap their fingers at calumny and abuse; and least of all do I imagine Jonathan such a fool as to be gulled into good humour by John Bull patting

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As to the second point, admit if you will that these contradictions and retaliations are never read abroad. What then? If they are read at home, they serve one good purpose at least, in keeping up the spirits of our own people, by convincing them that their accuser, with all his pretensions, is equally vulnerable with themselves, and thus relieving them from the base feeling of inferiority, the worst curse that can fall on a nation, because it carries with it every degrading characteristic of imitative subserviency, and generates the most submissive meanness. You may argue, if you please, that there is no great danger that we should undervalue ourselves in our own opinion, and I confess there is some truth in the remark. But still, with all their bragging, the people of the United States, with here and there an exception, do not appear to me to possess that self-consciousness which is the only solid basis of national pride. They rail at kings, yet have a sickly appetite, a secret ambition, to be presented at courts, and kiss a royal hand whenever they have an opportunity. They denounce aristocracy, yet in every city, town,

village, or neighbourhood, however insignificant, you see a little knot of purse-proud sinners, aping all its fopperies, assuming all its petty airs, and looking down on those one step below them on the ladder of life; with all the dignified hauteur of a leader in a procession of dirt-carts on their way to glory. In short, we abuse the satellites of tyranny, as we call them, and take every opportunity of imitating them as far as it is in our power. This is not national pride, but national folly, nonsense, and meanness.

We assume a superiority, yet acknowledge our inferiority by imitation; and if the English tourists and critics were to content themselves with pointing out this disgraceful foible in our character, instead of stigmatizing our independent farmers and mechanics as rude barbarians, we would laugh with them with all our hearts. This is in fact the weak side with us, yet these blockheads can't see it. Our people want a proper basis for national pride, and its inseparable concomitant, national feeling, and it is only by pointing out and vindicating their *real* claims to superiority, that this basis is to be established. However, time is a great worker of miracles, and twenty years hence you will see a great change.

The English tourists who have written concerning our country, are in general prejudiced, superficial persons, apparently without the will or the ability to take an enlarged and liberal view of our people, our government and institutions. A bad road, a bad dinner, or indifferent lodgings, is quite sufficient to put them out of humour with every thing, and

sprinkle half a dozen of their pages with vinegar. They lose sight of the general diffusion of the comforts of life among the great mass of the people, and their freedom from all the heavy impositions of an expensive, prodigal government; and seem to forget, that where one man is dependant on the facilities of travelling, or the conveniences of a tavern, thousands depend on the comforts of a home for happiness. Instead of making the general diffusion of the rational enjoyments of life, the criterion of national prosperity and individual happiness, they take things in detail; look at but one at a time, and if they find but a speck, or a blot any where, make use of it to mar the whole picture. They fly through the country in stages and steam-boats; make half their tour in the night-time; see nothing but the highways and a few great cities, the inhabitants of which are half foreigners; talk with a dozen foolish would be aristocrats, who give them dinners, and instil into them their own superficial notions, and then return to set themselves up as judges of the institutions, manners, morals, and religion, of a great people dispersed over half a world.

The tone and manner assumed by these idlers, is, to my mind, more offensive than their ignorance and prejudices. I should have no objection to seeing the faults and foibles of our people pointed out in a judicious and friendly manner, especially if they were relieved by a similar exhibition of our virtues. No man of sense would find fault with this. But these gentry show us at once that they come among us to find fault. They begin with a sneer, and end with

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The English tourists who have written concerning our country, are in general prejudiced, superficial persons, apparently without the will or the ability to take an enlarged and liberal view of our people, our government and institutions. A bad road, a bad dinner, or indifferent lodgings, is quite sufficient to put them out of humour with every thing, and

sprinkle half a dozen of their pages with vinegar. They lose sight of the general diffusion of the comforts of life among the great mass of the people, and their freedom from all the heavy impositions of an expensive, prodigal government; and seem to forget, that where one man is dependant on the facilities of travelling, or the conveniences of a tavern, thousands depend on the comforts of a home for happiness. Instead of making the general diffusion of the rational enjoyments of life, the criterion of national prosperity and individual happiness, they take things in detail; look at but one at a time, and if they find but a speck, or a blot any where, make use of it to mar the whole picture. They fly through the country in stages and steam-boats; make half their tour in the night-time; see nothing but the highways and a few great cities, the inhabitants of which are half foreigners; talk with a dozen foolish would be aristocrats, who give them dinners, and instil into them their own superficial notions, and then return to set themselves up as judges of the institutions, manners, morals, and religion, of a great people dispersed over half a world.

The tone and manner assumed by these idlers, is, to my mind, more offensive than their ignorance and prejudices. I should have no objection to seeing the faults and foibles of our people pointed out in a judicious and friendly manner, especially if they were relieved by a similar exhibition of our virtues. No man of sense would find fault with this. But these gentry show us at once that they come among us to find fault. They begin with a sneer, and end with

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for those who have nothing to lose, don't much care who it is that pays the penalty of their failure. No matter if some dozen families are ruined. The hope of getting rich at one dash, however forlorn, stimulates the sturdy beggar of a speculator, who first is supported by banks, and afterwards by the public credulity. The slow, and sure, and blameless gains of honest industry, are beneath his attention. The mechanic, who has gathered a little independence, or what would be an independence, were it not for the rags in circulation, by plodding for years, urged on by pernicious example, or pernicious sophistry, must, forsooth, build houses upon speculation, without knowing whether there is any body to live in them. The banks, which are now so numerous that the ordinary demands of trade do not employ their capitals, will gladly lend him money, and take a mortgage on his houses. If he pays, very well, if not, so much the better, the bank seizes his property, and thus exchanges paper for house and land which is turning a penny, you know, pretty handsomely.\* So fares it with almost every other class of the community; and even the honest farmer,—he whom nothing but the war of elements can touch, is seduced by the pernicious facility of getting paper-money from one of these little manufactories of rags in his neighbourhood, into a thousand schemes of improve-

\* I have been assured, by a most respectable gentleman of the bar, that *three-fourths* of the judgments obtained in the supreme court of the state of New-York, within the last three years, were in favour of banks, against real property. What a thriving exchange—lands and houses for rags! Editor.

ment and speculation. The failure of one begets the want of more money, which is freely supplied, till it amounts to nearly the value of his land. But the time for paying debts, like the period of death, will come at last. The farm is advertised for sale in time of great scarcity, when it will bring the least money; is sold for just enough to pay the bank mortgage; the poor speculating farmer is thrust from the spot of his inheritance, and left to begin the world anew—and for many a long year neither he nor his family are in want of *rags*. Thus the real wealth and property of the country changes hands, and the manufacturers of *rags* become the proprietors of great landed estates. The farmer is seduced into an acquiescence in this great system of *swindling*, by the high price he receives for his produce; and the mechanic by his wages being raised. But instead of being the richer, they are, in reality, the poorer for it; since, with the high price they now receive, they cannot procure the same necessities or luxuries they did when their produce and their labour was cheaper. They, with the rest, pay tribute to the gentlemen who speculate on *bank capitals*, as they are ludicrously called, and the other gentlemen who create these capitals by the aid of a paper-mill; thus making as much money as they want, and dividing nine or ten per cent. on their own debts!

To show the effect of country banks, I will relate a little example which came under my own observation a day or two ago, and gave rise to these speculations, I believe. We stopped in the evening to

sleep at the house of a Dutchman, who kept a sort of traveller's rest, rather, I believe, lest he should be obliged to entertain travellers for nothing, than from any great desire to add to the profits of his farm. It was a scene, and an evening, that made me melancholy with the fear of some day dying, and leaving a world so lovely. The house was on a rising ground, behind which, and close at hand, rose a majestic mountain, not savage with rocks and rugged precipices, but exhibiting a green foliage unbroken to the very top, whose graceful, waving outline, brought to the mind images of peace. In front was spread the richest little vale I ever saw; where meadows, and corn-fields, the latter rising half a dozen feet above the fences, and the former, speckled with sheep and cattle, succeeded each other in rich luxuriance. At one extremity ran a branch of the river Shenandoah, half hid among the high elms and sycamores; and a little further on rose a peaked hill, behind which the sun was setting. Every thing seen was peace—and every thing heard was silence,—for it so accorded with the silence, as to render it more striking in the intervals. We sometimes heard the cow-bell—sometimes the negro's sonorous and resounding laugh, which waked the mountain echo,—sometimes his inimitable whistle, emulating the fife,—and occasionally his song, which, heard in the distance, was singularly melodious. As long as I live, I shall never forget that scene.

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"Well," continued the Dutchman, "the next year I went on still better, paid the money still easier, and at the end of the third year, my farm was my own. The times, somehow or other, mended with me every day; and what is very odd, though my wife always brought me at the time of each payment a chopping boy, yet when I returned from making the last, she brought me two fine girls, I suppose because she knew we could now afford it. We now thought to make ourselves comfortable by building a better home, for we had but a poor one before; so in the spring I set to work as soon as the frost was out of the ground. I burnt my own bricks and lime, from my own limestone and clay, and furnished timber and boards from my own farm. In the meantime, the war came on; and as it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, the number of wagons passing this way increased every day, because the produce could not go round by sea. I sold all the produce of my land at my own door, except my wheat. If that

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## LETTER XXXV.

DEAR FRANK,

THE tongue touches where the tooth aches, as the saying goes; the English of which is, that people are apt to talk of what annoys them most at the moment. Thus, the great evil under which I have laboured of late is paper-money, which, throughout the whole of our country, has assumed so many different shapes, and sustained such an infinite variety of value in different places, that a man is obliged to go to a broker to get shaved, as the phrase is, as often as to a barber. This is the true signification of money being the root of all evil. The frequent recurrence of these vexatious visits, during my travels, has brought my mind to think seriously on this subject, and the result of my observations and reflections is, that the present *paper* system is the most pernicious to the real prosperity, morals, and independence of this country, of any ever devised by the cupidity of man. It has already worked the most dangerous inroads on the virtuous independence, which was not long since the lot of all; and if suffered to continue, will place the whole community in a state of abject dependance on banks.

Power, which used to follow land, has now gone over to paper-money. The landholder does not feel

this as yet, so extensively as he will by-and-by, when he will find his stunted independence fade away, in comparison with the short-lived splendours of the bank-dependant, and he obliged to enlist in the honourable band of bank-paupers. The period of his ruin will be dated from his first discount; for wherever a false capital is created, it will in time swallow up the real one, as a vacuum attracts and absorbs the surrounding air.

The other evening I went to sleep, with these and such like thoughts in my head; and as people are apt to dream of what they think of when awake, I was possessed with the following curious vision.

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"I am the offspring of a bandana handkerchief, that was once worn about the neck of a learned East-Indian, acquainted with all the arts of Eastern magic, and a piece of Irish linen, whilom part of the nightcap of an old Irish witch. This accounts for my being gifted with speech. I was born in a paper-mill, and the first thing I recollect, was being nearly squeezed to death under a piece of copper, which bruised me black and blue all over. Then I was taken to the bank, and underwent a sort of transubstantiation,



under the magic hands of the president and cashier ; for from a rag, I became converted into solid gold, or at least something nearly as valuable.

“ I had not been here long, before I was counted out to a young man who carried me to his master, a merchant, who lived in a fine house, drove a splendid equipage, and fared sumptuously every day. I felicitated myself mightily that I had got into such comfortable quarters ; but *soon* discovered all was not right with my new master. As he carried me in his pocket, I had an opportunity of watching him closely, and hearing all that he said, or others said to him. I learned, that he had set out in business with a reasonable capital, which, under prudent management, would have led him to a comfortable independency ; but was seduced by the example of those around him, and by the facility of getting discounts, into borrowing money of the banks, and trading on credit to a great amount. But he learned too late that the man who is always borrowing and paying interest for his money, is working for his creditor, and not for himself. At the time I saw him he was a wretched dependant on the caprice of banks, to whom, in the course of business, he had paid in discounts what would have been to him an immense fortune. He could not sleep at night ; for the sun never rose that did not see him in debt for more than he could pay. Every day he was obliged to run round to all his acquaintance to borrow money to pay his notes ; and not a day passed over his head, that he could tell whether he would not be openly a bankrupt before

night; for all depended on the caprice of bank directors. To add to his distresses, his wife and children, fancying him a man of immense riches, indulged in every species of extravagance, and he had not the courage to tell them a few months would probably make them beggars. In fact, I had not been with him long, before the banks, either from necessity or caprice, drew in their discounts; my master failed—the banks got all his property; the rest of his creditors got nothing; and his wife and children found themselves in beggary, with a thousand artificial wants to pamper. His furniture was seized and sold, and the whole family crept into a small house in the suburbs. This I learned afterwards, for I did not accompany them, having been passed away to a shopkeeper, by my master's lady, the day before he failed, in part payment for a cashmere shawl for which she gave a thousand dollars.

“My new master was a brisk, stirring little man, who made more bows than a dancing-master, but got well paid for them, by cheating faster than he bowed. He always sold his goods at first cost, pledged his honour to every thing, true or false, and possessed that inveterate habit of petty roguery, so common to people who have no other object in life but making money. Judging from his style of living and his habits, I at first thought he must be very snug and comfortable in his circumstances, till all at once I found myself in a drawer, with two or three of those pleasant invitations beginning with, ‘Your note for so and so, becomes due, &c.’ Whenever my master

*shaved* afterwards on his own account ! I forgot to mention, that I was several nights deposited in the vaults of the bank, where, although this was one of the banks that paid specie, I give you my word there was not specie enough to pay a check of five thousand dollars. I saw but three small boxes of it, which was all that was there ; for being an owl, I could distinctly see, though it was dark. The way they managed to pay specie was this : all the traders were given to understand, that if they asked for the least quantity of specie, they would forfeit all claim to future favours from the banks ; and such was the miserable state of dependance of the greater part of the community, that not one out of a thousand dared to incur the penalty. This was called resuming the payment of specie ! I could tell you a great many tricks of these gentry, but it is not my interest to do so, since by injuring them I lose my own consequence in society, and am reduced to rags again.

“ In process of time, my master, the bank director, who was in the same state of abject dependance on banks with my former ones, passed me away to a shoemaker, in payment of a bill of two years standing. I was in hopes I had now got into the hands of an independent man, until I saw two or three bank notices, stuck up with an awl over his desk, to remind the honest man he owed more than he could pay, and thus encourage and quicken his industry, I suppose. I could not help wondering what could make this man such a fool, as to suppose he could grow rich by paying interest to other people, seeing that the

rate of interest is always considered the value of money, and what money will make, when applied to any certain and regular mode of business. I found it was the force of example, and that he did this because all his neighbours did the same. The example of every body is better than all the argument in the world; and the thing appeared to be perfectly natural. My worthy master, for such he was in fact, worked hard for the banks, and made his very lap-stone sweat to pay his discounts; but tempted at last, by the facility of raising money, he made a bad speculation in hides, and went the way of all flesh now-a-days. Before he became openly bankrupt, he made over all his actual property to secure his endorser, that being a debt of honour; the endorser paid it over to the bank—the bank got paid—and the rest of the creditors whistled for their money. My master went into the country to take the air, and keep out of the way of his creditors; and in the course of his travels passed me away to a tavernkeeper, in a small town, where there were two banks. The town was a place of considerable consequence, being on the banks of a river which was almost navigable for batteaux, and carried on a great trade in lime, coal, shingles, and brick-making.

“My master, the landlord, was a director of one of these banks, and carried me to a meeting of the directors, where, though an owl, I laughed till my feathers almost fell out, to see what a set of ragamuffins had got together. There were four tavern-keepers, three small shopkeepers, a brickmaker, a

splitter of shingles, a speculator, and two non-descripts, whose calling I could not make out. Not one of these had a decent coat to his back, except the president, who was a man of good landed estate, which he was silly enough to jeopardize in this way. For though the bank promised to pay every body out of '*the joint funds*,' I could never find out what or where these were; and it is pretty certain, that when the time of redeeming these debts shall come, the creditors will apply to the person among these directors who has most property, and levy the debt on him. As to the ridiculous idea that only the '*joint funds*' of these unchartered institutions are liable for their debts, it is just as preposterous, as to suppose that a man can get rid of his debts by advertising, before he contracts them, that he will only pay to a certain amount.

"These two banks made the village flourish to the eye; but this prosperity was only the bloom on the cheek of consumption. Great houses rose up in various parts, but they were all mortgaged to the banks, who lent the money, thus getting real property for rags of their own making. No man lived in his own house,—all belonged to the banks, who could at any time turn the village out of doors. Every thing was done on credit, for the village having few natural advantages, depended for its summer of apparent prosperity on the discounts of the banks. The shopkeeper traded, the tavernkeeper carried on his business, the brickmaker made bricks, and the shingle-splitter split his shingles,—with bank-notes which he

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The other evening I went to sleep, with these and such like thoughts in my head; and as people are apt to dream of what they think of when awake, I was possessed with the following curious vision.

Methought I was poring over a bank-note, which I think was issued from a place called "*Owl-Creek*," and happening to say to myself, "Where the deuce did this come from?" I was answered in a small squeaking voice as follows—at first I could not tell where it came from, but on closer examination, I discovered a motion in the bill of the figure of an owl, with which the note was decorated—

"I am the offspring of a bandana handkerchief, that was once worn about the neck of a learned East-Indian, acquainted with all the arts of Eastern magic, and a piece of Irish linen, whilom part of the nightcap of an old Irish witch. This accounts for my being gifted with speech. I was born in a paper-mill, and the first thing I recollect, was being nearly squeezed to death under a piece of copper, which bruised me black and blue all over. Then I was taken to the bank, and underwent a sort of transubstantiation,

under the magic hands of the president and cashier ; for from a rag, I became converted into solid gold, or at least something nearly as valuable.

“ I had not been here long, before I was counted out to a young man who carried me to his master, a merchant, who lived in a fine house, drove a splendid equipage, and fared sumptuously every day. I felicitated myself mightily that I had got into such comfortable quarters ; but *soon* discovered all was not right with my new master. As he carried me in his pocket, I had an opportunity of watching him closely, and hearing all that he said, or others said to him. I learned, that he had set out in business with a reasonable capital, which, under prudent management, would have led him to a comfortable independency ; but was seduced by the example of those around him, and by the facility of getting discounts, into borrowing money of the banks, and trading on credit to a great amount. But he learned too late that the man who is always borrowing and paying interest for his money, is working for his creditor, and not for himself. At the time I saw him he was a wretched dependant on the caprice of banks, to whom, in the course of business, he had paid in discounts what would have been to him an immense fortune. He could not sleep at night ; for the sun never rose that did not see him in debt for more than he could pay. Every day he was obliged to run round to all his acquaintance to borrow money to pay his notes ; and not a day passed over his head, that he could tell whether he would not be openly a bankrupt before

night; for all depended on the caprice of bank directors. To add to his distresses, his wife and children, fancying him a man of immense riches, indulged in every species of extravagance, and he had not the courage to tell them a few months would probably make them beggars. In fact, I had not been with him long, before the banks, either from necessity or caprice, drew in their discounts; my master failed—the banks got all his property; the rest of his creditors got nothing; and his wife and children found themselves in beggary, with a thousand artificial wants to pamper. His furniture was seized and sold, and the whole family crept into a small house in the suburbs. This I learned afterwards, for I did not accompany them, having been passed away to a shopkeeper, by my master's lady, the day before he failed, in part payment for a cashmere shawl for which she gave a thousand dollars.

“My new master was a brisk, stirring little man, who made more bows than a dancing-master, but got well paid for them, by cheating faster than he bowed. He always sold his goods at first cost, pledged his honour to every thing, true or false, and possessed that inveterate habit of petty roguery, so common to people who have no other object in life but making money. Judging from his style of living and his habits, I at first thought he must be very snug and comfortable in his circumstances, till all at once I found myself in a drawer, with two or three of those pleasant invitations beginning with, ‘Your note for so and so, becomes due, &c.’ Whenever my master

received any of these mementoes, he was seized with an alarming fit of the fidgets, and there was a terrible 'whipping of the cat,' as it is called, on the days the notes became due. This whipping the cat, is nothing more than a parcel of traders puffing at one another's heels of a morning, to borrow money. One day one man is hunted for his money, and the next, when his own note becomes due, he hunts his neighbour, so that their funds are a common borrowing stock; and he who hunts as Actæon one day, is a hunted Actæon the next. In short, having one day an accidental peep at my master's books, I discovered that he had been actually insolvent for more than five years. About a week after I had been with him, he sent me to a certain bank, to help take up a note-of-hand. In passing through the directors' room, I heard it decided not to discount any more for my late master and his friends, as they were no longer safe, and did not owe any thing to the bank. So a few days after I heard it whispered, that they had thrown out all their notes. My old master broke first; he fell against his neighbour, and like a row of bricks, they all tumbled, one after the other, and took the benefit 'of the act.'

"Before I had been here long, I was taken out of the bank by one of the directors, each of whom had a regular accommodation of fifty thousand dollars to *shave* notes-of-hand with. He carried me in his pocket some days, by which means I was present at some of their meetings on discount days, where I saw them refuse to discount notes, which my master

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sleep at the house of a Dutchman, who kept a sort of traveller's rest, rather, I believe, lest he should be obliged to entertain travellers for nothing, than from any great desire to add to the profits of his farm. It was a scene, and an evening, that made me melancholy with the fear of some day dying, and leaving a world so lovely. The house was on a rising ground, behind which, and close at hand, rose a majestic mountain, not savage with rocks and rugged precipices, but exhibiting a green foliage unbroken to the very top, whose graceful, waving outline, brought to the mind images of peace. In front was spread the richest little vale I ever saw; where meadows, and corn-fields, the latter rising half a dozen feet above the fences, and the former, speckled with sheep and cattle, succeeded each other in rich luxuriance. At one extremity ran a branch of the river Shenandoah, half hid among the high elms and sycamores; and a little further on rose a peaked hill, behind which the sun was setting. Every thing seen was peace—and every thing heard was silence,—for it so accorded with the silence, as to render it more striking in the intervals. We sometimes heard the cow-bell—sometimes the negro's sonorous and resounding laugh, which waked the mountain echo,—sometimes his inimitable whistle, emulating the fife,—and occasionally his song, which, heard in the distance, was singularly melodious. As long as I live, I shall never forget that scene.

It was, in truth, a place for a man to make his home; and the honest Dutchman, for such he ap-



proved himself, not only by his dialect, but by his invincible predilection for rich bottoms, seemed to think as much; for he appeared to be actually contented, a rare thing in this world. In the calm leisure of the dusk of evening, he and his dame, and a jolly dame was she,—good-humoured as a lark, and round as a dumpling,—came and sat with us in the porch; he, with his pipe; she, with her snuff-box, bearing on its lid the likeness of Commodore Porter. This custom is highly eschewed by all orthodox English travellers; but for my part, if a man is not wilfully obtrusive, and transgresses no law of etiquette that he knows of, I like his company, and can generally get something amusing or instructive from him.

Mine host seemed such a rare comfortable dog, that I determined to know, if possible, how he became so; and in order to entitle myself to his history, told him mine beforehand, for country people are always a little curious. The substance of the burgomaster's, or justice's (for so he announced himself) story, was as follows:

"I married," said he, "at the age of twenty-six, and my wife, though perhaps you won't believe it, was reckoned a beauty in her day. My fortune was three hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and a negro man; and my wife brought me a great chest filled with, I dare say, six hundred petticoats and short gowns, which have lasted till this day; so her clothing cost me nothing. This was what we had to begin the world with. After looking about a little, I bought this farm, which being much worn, and out of order,

I got cheap. The money I had was enough for the first payment, and the rest of the purchase-money was to be paid in three equal annual instalments.

"The farm, as I said, was then in poor order, the fields a good deal worn out, the fences bad, and the house very old. But there was no time to groan; for the year was coming about, and the money must be paid. So Tom, and I, and often my wife, turned out early and late, and worked like horses; and after selling my harvest, I carried my first payment home in hard dollars.

"Well," continued the Dutchman, "the next year I went on still better, paid the money still easier, and at the end of the third year, my farm was my own. The times, somehow or other, mended with me every day; and what is very odd, though my wife always brought me at the time of each payment a chopping boy, yet when I returned from making the last, she brought me two fine girls, I suppose because she knew we could now afford it. We now thought to make ourselves comfortable by building a better home, for we had but a poor one before; so in the spring I set to work as soon as the frost was out of the ground. I burnt my own bricks and lime, from my own limestone and clay, and furnished timber and boards from my own farm. In the meantime, the war came on; and as it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, the number of wagons passing this way increased every day, because the produce could not go round by sea. I sold all the produce of my land at my own door, except my wheat. If that

was high, I could afford to send the flour to market, and if not, I cut it into *shorts*, to feed the wagoners' horses. By the time my house was finished, it was paid for; and now I don't know what I shall build next, for my part. I am forty-three years old. I have twelve hundred acres of as fine bottom as any in Virginia,—a good grist and saw mill, a tolerable good wife, if I could only make a fine lady of her—but she sticks to the old chest of clothes like a moth,—a decent house over my head; and I owe no man a shilling, except Tom, who, by now and then raising a little grain, shooting a deer, and waiting on travellers, has in my hands enough to buy his freedom. But he is free already, for that matter; and knows he can go where he pleases."

"Pray," said I, "did you ever get a discount?" "A discount,—what's that?" said the Dutchman. "Did you ever borrow money of a bank, and mortgage your land for it?" "No, no," said he, "I wasn't such a fool as that. My poor neighbour, whose house you see over the river yonder, with the windows broke, and no smoke to the chimney, played a trick of that kind; but his farm is soon to be sold at vendue, and I think of buying it. His family were in great distress, though we helped them on a little to get to the back country, where, I hear, they are doing pretty well again."

I will not trouble you with the moral of this story but conclude this long letter by bidding you beware of discounts. Good night."

## LETTER XXXV.

DEAR FRANK,

THE tongue touches where the tooth aches, as the saying goes; the English of which is, that people are apt to talk of what annoys them most at the moment. Thus, the great evil under which I have laboured of late is paper-money, which, throughout the whole of our country, has assumed so many different shapes, and sustained such an infinite variety of value in different places, that a man is obliged to go to a broker to get shaved, as the phrase is, as often as to a barber. This is the true signification of money being the root of all evil. The frequent recurrence of these vexatious visits, during my travels, has brought my mind to think seriously on this subject, and the result of my observations and reflections is, that the present *paper* system is the most pernicious to the real prosperity, morals, and independence of this country, of any ever devised by the cupidity of man. It has already worked the most dangerous inroads on the virtuous independence, which was not long since the lot of all; and if suffered to continue, will place the whole community in a state of abject dependance on banks.

Power, which used to follow land, has now gone over to paper-money. The landholder does not feel

necessary to a new country like ours. They are, for the most part, useful citizens, and as such should be cherished. Of course I except the occasional shipments of rogues and paupers, which I understand are made to this country, by the municipal authorities of some parts of Europe.

But at the same time, I think when they come here to escape the wrongs, oppressions, and poverty of their own country, or to acquire wealth, the least they can do is to be civil to us natives; if they speak at all, speak decorously of the country, its institutions and government; and refrain, while they condescend to stay among us, from talking or acting against our efforts to maintain our rights, or resent our wrongs. I do not wish them to forget the land of their birth, in their gratitude to the land of their adoption, nor to turn against the bosom of their mother land. But, in my opinion, they should at least be neutral in the struggle. This was not the case during the war which has just come to a close, and whose commencement was signalized by an inglorious defeat at Malden, that was gloriously contrasted by a victory at New-Orleans, to which modern history affords no parallel, in the disparity of loss on either side.

Many of those that had lived more than half their lives in this country, and amassed enormous fortunes under the protection of our laws, used their influence to impede the operations, and paralyze the efforts of the government. They aided in assailing the conduct and character of Mr. Madison; they exerted every

effort to prevent the success of his financial schemes, and thus rob our country of its means of defence; they mourned our victories, and rejoiced in our defeats. In this I confess they had too many examples among our native-born citizens; yet still, in my opinion, they had no right to interfere at all, except in behalf of the land in which they were at that moment, and had been for years, enjoying the rights of citizens, while they were forgetting their duties.

You tell me that the natives of some of these countries, who are sufficiently numerous to make their influence felt in elections, have openly combined against the Americans, for the purpose of forcing these last to admit them to a share in the representation of the city. They insist, you say, on having some of their countrymen on the assembly ticket, or in case of a denial, threaten to oppose it. This I cannot but think highly indecorous in strangers, who never have had reason to say, or think, that their rights and interests were not sufficiently attended to in the legislature. For a time, at least, they should be content with the protection of a just and beneficent government, without attempting to usurp a share in its administration. They should wait till they comprehend the machine, before they attempt to guide it. They should be careful, too, to amalgamate themselves as soon as possible with the great mass of native citizens, instead of setting up a separate interest, and thus, perhaps, giving the latter the hint to combine their far superior numbers, in one great effort to put them down. A respectable minority is

night; for all depended on the caprice of bank directors. To add to his distresses, his wife and children, fancying him a man of immense riches, indulged in every species of extravagance, and he had not the courage to tell them a few months would probably make them beggars. In fact, I had not been with him long, before the banks, either from necessity or caprice, drew in their discounts; my master failed—the banks got all his property; the rest of his creditors got nothing; and his wife and children found themselves in beggary, with a thousand artificial wants to pamper. His furniture was seized and sold, and the whole family crept into a small house in the suburbs. This I learned afterwards, for I did not accompany them, having been passed away to a shopkeeper, by my master's lady, the day before he failed, in part payment for a cashmere shawl for which she gave a thousand dollars.

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gather that the fruitfulness of the country affords them leisure from labour, and hearts to be gay. True, these blessings may be marred by the tyranny of a despotic government, or the exactions of a petty lord, yet still I have such faith in the influence of a mild and genial climate, and a fruitful soil, that I can never associate them with misery and want. It is in such situations that the human mind, perhaps, attains to the highest point of delicacy and refinement of which it is capable; and it is here, too, that it degenerates into the lowest degree of sensuality and corruption. Here the peasant has leisure from labour to cultivate his taste, and give reins to his imagination, and consequently the people will become musical, and poets will rise up in the rural fields. In a happy clime, where the juice of the grape supplies the place of intoxicating spirits or stultifying beer, leisure often begets refinement, instead of brutality, in the peasantry, and degenerates into effeminacy rather than rudeness.

The character of our country people, though varied by an infinite variety of shades, produced by a descent from various nations, is still uniform in many respects, and different from all others. They are most like the English, not only on account of a majority being of English descent, but because, like them, they are a working people, consisting, with few exceptions, of three classes of men, different in their vocations, but all equally laborious—the farmer, the merchant, and the mechanic, in which I include the labourers of all kinds attached to these different professions.

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a man can play the butterfly, and sip the flowers all summer, without perishing with hunger and cold when the winter comes. A little labour satisfies his present wants, and the future, like the present, is easily supplied. In the intervals of his labours he can sit in the shade, when all nature is smiling around him, and give a loose to his imagination, if he has any. The happy temperature of the climate takes off his attention from his own personal feelings—for his teeth neither chatter with cold, nor is he rendered exanimate by the burning heat. It is then that the soul seems to assert its independence, and relieved from all participation in the cares of existence, becomes all feeling, all imagination. Then poetry will be sung in natural strains, and music will echo along the rivers or by the side of the mountains. It was the shepherd Orpheus who, in the pleasant land of Greece, first waked the spirit of poetry and music among the woods and rocks ; it was the shepherds of Chaldea and Egypt who first studied the science of the stars, as they watched their flocks by night—and it is to the age of the Nomades that we owe the first dawns of all those beautiful arts and sciences that adorn and embellish our existence. Two causes contributed to this : leisure, and a luxuriant climate. The first will do much ; but it is the union of both that gives birth to music and poetry—which, if not twins, were born in quick succession.

For these reasons I don't believe in the story, that the arts, sciences and literature, came originally from the north. There was something, however, in the

clannish spirit and institutions of Scotland, that, in connexion with the shepherd life that subsisted more particularly in the highlands, together with the romantic scenery of that region, which seems to have had the same effect that genial climes had on other nations. The pastoral life, of all others common to the mass of mankind, affords the most leisure ;—the shepherd was relieved by his dogs from the actual labour of watching, collecting, and driving the flocks in his charge. In the summer they subsisted on the verdure of the mountain, and in the winter his chief was responsible for their food, since it was to him that they appertained. Even in this inclement and rugged region the mass of the people enjoyed a great portion of leisure, and being too poor to waste it in expensive amusements, resorted to minstrelsy and music to pass the time. Hence, in the days of feudal dependance and clannish affinity, were composed those delightful songs, and melting or inspiring airs, that thrill to the heart,—and I earnestly hope will stand their ground against that affected refinement which would ingraft the enervating productions of Italy upon the manly and nervous race that peoples America. If we are to borrow our music and our song, let us imitate Scotland—whose poetry and music has a character of manly tenderness and incorruptible simplicity, that I would not exchange for all the poetry of Metastasio, or the effeminate strains of cotemporary musicians.

Do not mistake the foregoing profound speculations for a sighing after climates like that of Italy, and a

people like the Italians. I am only attempting to give a reason for the almost total absence of music in the country through which I have lately been travelling, as well as in almost every portion of the United States. In their love of music and poetry, our countrymen are certainly behindhand with the people of Europe; and, as a philosophical traveller, I felt myself bound in honour to account for the phenomenon, which I hope I have done to your satisfaction. Depend upon it that there is no unmixed good in this world—for even labour, which is the parent of all the hardy virtues, is equally the parent of a sordid indifference to the finer impulses of the mind. Where necessity or the love of gain impels us to uninterrupted toils, there will be every thing necessary to the eating and drinking part of life, but little to adorn or embellish our existence. The virtues that exalt a nation in power, by increasing its wealth, and defending its honour—the hardihood of spirit that bristles, if a finger is pointed at its rights or at its independence—the lofty feelings, that, shrinking from the shadow of servility, sometimes exhibit an appearance of rudeness—the intelligence that investigates and judges for itself, on every occasion—and the spirit of liberty that sometimes leans even to licentiousness—these are the constituents of a great people—and these are ours, although you may not find them much about where you are. For my part, I am content with these; they are too valuable to be exchanged for the fine arts, and if we must make a

choice, give me the virtues of men, rather than the amusements of connoisseurs. It does not mortify me that other people have better fiddlers, dancers, and sculptors than ourselves, so long as we beat them in spirit, freedom, plenty, and happiness.

The truth is, that mine honest, sanguine, and heels-over-head friend, brother Jonathan, is one of those people who are for eating their cake and having their cake, and reconciling all sorts of incongruities. He is for doing things in a great hurry, and would be free and hardy, with all the enervated refinements of slavery. Not content with all the enjoyments necessary to happiness, and all the essential characteristics of a nation destined to mighty things, the honest lad would needs strut about in all the gilded paraphernalia of pictures, palaces, and statues, that serve to amuse some nations into a forgetfulness of their chains. He is continually flaring away in the awkward second-hand finery of Europe, that gives him the appearance of a servile imitator, instead of coming out in his honest homespun, to challenge the respect of the world. The rogue often reminds me of a little fat, greedy urchin, with an apple in each hand, and its mouth full of gingerbread, whining and fretting, because it can't appropriate to itself at the same time a pretty picture or lacquered image on the mantelpiece.

You must excuse my rambling letters, remembering that I only promised to write to you on the express condition of steering to all points of the compass, if

I pleased. In the dearth of incidents I must draw upon honest little speculation, and tell you what I think, rather than what I see. However, my next shall be descriptive of something or other, unless I am again led astray. I meant to tell you about Berkeley Springs, which merited a description; but they slipped my memory somehow or other. Please Jupiter, you shall have it before long. Good by.



## LETTER XXXVIII.

DEAR FRANK,

EIGHT days ago we left the town of W——, famous for several things which I have forgot ; so you have escaped a description this time—for which it is your duty to be thankful. From this place we crossed over to Berkeley Springs, a famous place, where the beau monde resort from all the country around. After riding across a mountainous track, exceedingly wild and rugged, in turning an angle of the road we suddenly opened upon one of the most beautiful and striking contrasts I ever saw. On a little greensward, skirting along the foot of a steep mountain, at least a hundred gay people of both sexes were rambling among the trees, just in the twilight of a mild summer evening. Oliver shouted at the sight, and even my philosophy shook in the wind at the view of so many fair damsels, every one of whom, dressed in white, put me in mind of white fringe upon a green petticoat. Till this moment, I had been exclusively in love with nature ; but now, to my shame be it confessed, I began to comprehend the superiority of the beauties of art—by which I mean no reflection on the ladies.

The truth is, after having rambled a long while among the vast solitudes of nature—where a human

being is among the rarest of animals, and though certainly a fellow-creature, yet so different in tastes, manners, and acquirements, as to afford little affinity of mind, there was something exquisitely exhilarating, thus to break upon people resembling our accustomed associates, sporting gayly in the midst of the wild mountains. Perhaps there is no situation, in which we taste the pleasures of society with a keener zest, than when, after losing them for awhile, we meet with them associated with romantic scenery, and buried, as it were, in the bosom of nature. We had the good fortune, as well as the unexpected pleasure, of meeting old friends, and this tempted us to stay some time.

As it is the prevailing opinion among your fellow-citizens, that there is nothing genteel to the south of the Schuylkill, and no watering-place worth visiting, except Long-Branch, I will try and set you right in this matter. The truth is, these springs are as gay, as fashionable, and as delightfully situated as any I have ever visited. In all the constituents of a fashionable watering-place, Berkeley maintains a most respectable rank, inasmuch as it affords as great a variety of character, as many gay equipages, and gay people, and almost as great a lack of amusement, as Ballston or Long-Branch.

You meet with every distinct variety among the belles and beaux. To begin with the ladies. There is the sentimental lady, who must have blue eyes, by all means, and who it is indispensably necessary should be very fond of retirement—a preference

which she demonstrates by going in search of it every summer to a watering-place. Then there is the blue-stocking lady, who is all for the delights of literature, and who comes to watering-places because they are the resort of scholars and people of literary tastes. These ladies are a great terror to the race of bucks—because they are continually drawing draughts on their understandings, which these gentlemen can't conveniently pay at sight. But the most numerous class of ladies to be found at these resorts is, that of the regular built, systematic, determined, and invincible belles, who go about as roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour. Like strolling actresses, they are seldom seen twice in the same place, but, after playing off their airs and graces, becoming tired of, and tiring every body, vanish away, and never shine in that sphere again. These unfortunate belles are to be seen everywhere, flashing at intervals, like fireflies of a summer evening, dazzling occasionally, but never warming; and generally, like our aunt Kate, end in becoming very efficient members of some odd society for the propagation of—any thing but the human species. In enumerating the varieties to be found at a fashionable watering-place, it would be unpardonable to omit two classes of elderly matrons, who are very constant attendants on these establishments. The first are very piously scandalous; and, like the old lady in the Spectator, whom Rhadamanthus beckoned to the left hand, are so busy correcting the faults of others, that they have no time to attend to their own.

They are ever on the watch to repress any innocent ebullition of vivacity, and to poison every little moment of youthful gayety, by sour looks of reprehension, sideblow innuendoes, and appalling shakes of the head. The other class is that which marshals its daughters, nieces, and proteges to battle at these great marts, and stands on the alert to see that they don't fall in love with any body not well-established in business, or well to do in the world. But at the same time they exercise this matronly caution, they take every opportunity of showing the young ladies off to rich bachelors and prosperous traders, who have plenty of money—or what is just the same thing—plenty of credit. I cannot help here observing that there is a class of females one never meets at these places, except now and then, when we sometimes see a solitary one, pale, languid, and weak, whom the hope of recovery from some slow and sure malady, tempts from her home. I mean those who find their happiness in the domestic circle, and the enjoyment of that unobtrusive paradise, created, adorned, and consecrated by the exercise of domestic virtues. It is these which constitute that portion of the sex, among which men find companions who assist in bearing the burden of existence, instead of adding to its weight; who shed the brightest light when the storm of adversity thickens and blackens—and who, without stooping to any cares or occupations unworthy a gentlewoman, are guardians of the household of man, and the conservators of his fortune. The sweetest days of summer are those

in which the sun, partly hid behind the light clouds, warms without dazzling; and the sweetest women are those who never shine, except to those they love. Ambition to become the wonder of the world, makes men gods or demons; but operating on women, only makes them ridiculous. It drives them so much into the world, that we become tired of seeing, or hearing of them; and too often, in the anxiety to gain the object, stimulates them to conciliate the vanity of men, by attentions and flatteries unworthy a modest and delicate female.

Of the beaux, who are most frequently to be met with at these fashionable watering-places, the more numerous class is generally composed of young fellows labouring under a sort of anti-maladie du pays. They have become tired of the same amusements, and the same people; they have paced up and down the same fashionable promenade till every body is tired of them; and they have been so often in the same society, that they have absolutely talked themselves quite out, and find it easier to get new auditors than new ideas. Of this genus there are two varieties. The one neglects the ladies, because he affects to despise them; but the real truth is, that he has been so much in the society of horses and dogs, that a *whoa* and a whistle are the extent of his vocabulary, and a bark and a neigh the limits of his comprehension. The other variety is composed of those who limit their attentions to asking a lady to dance, &c., and who stand sentry round a fashionable belle, with-

out saying a word, reminding us of a guard of mutes about the favourite sultana.

Next comes the spruce bachelor of sixty-five, who, having breakfasted and dined on single blessedness, is anxious to sup upon matrimony, by way of variety. This is generally a man with every thing comfortable about him at home, but who, not knowing when he is well off, goes to a watering-place to find a wife. Here, instead of pairing with one whose age, habits, and tastes, correspond with his own, he singles out a high-bred belle, who lives only for gayety and splendour, and who condescends to marry this reverend youth, for his riches and equipage. Instead of plucking a few flowers from the brink of the grave, the poor man gathers but thorns and briers—sinks into a piece of mere fuller's-earth, and ends at length with fulfilling the destiny of Swift's broomstick, which, in its last stage, was used to light a fire for other men to warm themselves by.

Sometimes, however, in this matrimonial trial, the lady is the dupe, and the bachelor the rogue. It not unfrequently happens, that the old gentleman who thus goes to a watering-place to seek his fortune, is on the eve of bankruptcy, and, while his last light is glimmering, makes a desperate attempt to catch some little unwary moth that flutters round his expiring taper. I have known many instances of this fraud, which would be truly lamentable, did not the woman who sells herself in this manner deserve her fate. As it is, her situation is painful in the extreme; for she has not only forfeited her own approbation, but

deprived herself of all claim to commiseration, without gaining the object of these precious sacrifices. It is a mutual fraud; both parties equally merit punishment—and both are unworthy of pity.

But in this review of the fashionable train, I must not forget the spruce little widower, with grown-up daughters, whom he makes a point to send to some distant boarding-school, that they may not stand in the way of a second engagement. People sometimes hug their chains, we are told, which accounts for a man marrying a second time; otherwise this phenomenon might puzzle the philosophers. The little widower generally succeeds wonderfully well, provided he can keep his grown-up daughters from rising up in judgment against him, and sports a handsome equipage. But even without this, he very generally succeeds somehow or other—either by superior enterprise, superior perseverance, or by possessing the art of rousing the young lady's curiosity about what happens in the state of matrimony. Women, as Rosalind says, "have no doublet and hose in their disposition;" and I am credibly informed of one woman who killed herself out of sheer curiosity to know how it felt.

To these varieties of the fashionable world, if we add a few *lusus naturæ* belonging to no distinct species, such as clever people, good women, invalids whom the doctors, in despair of curing or getting their bills paid, have sent to drink the waters, we have pretty much the motley group of a watering-place. Among these, however, one seldom fails to

find a little knot of pleasant people, with whom we are sorry to part, at the end of a week or two, the usual time of sojourning at such places. This happened to be our lucky lot; and it was in consequence of this that we staid nearly a week at Berkeley. There is a pleasant drawing-room here, in which the ladies meet to chat, or work, and play at chess, or devise some pleasant excursion. Every night or two there is a ball, in a very splendid room appropriated to that purpose; and in afternoons it is pleasant to stroll backwards and forwards, along the brook that skirts the green in front of the springs, that gush out from the foot of the mountain. There is a pavilion built over the spring, which is used for drinking, and two bath-houses, one for either sex. The spring which supplies the ladies' bath is one of the finest I have ever seen. It boils up from a fissure in the rock in the form of a cone, much larger than the crown of a hat, and forms a fine stream, in some places six or eight yards wide. This place was formerly the property of the family of Fairfax, once lords of a great portion of the tract of country called the Great Northern Neck of Virginia, situated between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. One of these potent chieftains vested the springs and a little tract around in trustees, to be chosen from time to time, for the use of all comers for ever. People using the baths pay a small sum, which is appropriated by the trustees to keeping up the repairs of the place, and other objects of utility and ornament. The head of the Fairfax family in Virginia, is a lineal



descendant of the lords of that name ; but the title has not lately been assumed by these consistent republicans, who justly consider such distinctions ridiculous in this country.

Among the peculiarities of watering-places, one may always notice a certain odd sort of rivalry prevailing among the ladies of the different sections or states of the Union. This is exhibited in a certain shyness and civility, and in the various little knots gathering together in different parts of the room, together with certain sly looks and glances that all fashionable ladies understand, and resent nobody knows why. When a female arrives, they sit in judgment upon her directly ; and if she does not possess the mysterious, inexplicable attributes of *bon ton*—whew ! marry come up !—and all that sort of thing. The ladies here were principally from Virginia and Maryland, and it was amusing enough to see how they measured distances, like strange gamecocks in the same barn-yard. I have been thus particular in my details, because the good citizens of your parts, who always call that the genteel place which is most frequented by themselves, have not the least idea, that in the midst of the Virginia mountains there is a little spot, where is to be found all the airs, graces, paraphernalia, caprices, and elegancies of the most fashionable assembly. Every man is the centre of his own universe, and always considers that a strange place in which he is a stranger. Good by.

## LETTER XXXIX.

DEAR FRANK,

I RECEIVED the book you sent me by our friend T——, who came to Berkeley the day before yesterday, and thank you for it, for it has afforded me infinite amusement, not the less on account of its intrinsic follies, than for the numerous certificates of its merits, with which it was accompanied. It seems, now-a-days, as if our booksellers, who, of course, adapt themselves to the spirit of the times, dare not venture on the publication of a book without some little scrap of commendation from a Review, or a string of testimonials from divers worthy literary characters of this country, who regularly stand god-fathers to every new work, and most benevolently praise it in proportion to its demerits. By this method, the gentle reader is made to be fully satisfied of the merits of a book before he pays his money for it; and is relieved entirely from the trouble of exercising his own judgment. This way of getting a book into credit and circulation, is doubtless borrowed from the venders of quack medicines, who establish the wonderful virtues of their nostrums, and impose upon the credulity of mankind, by means of certain certificates they procure from ignorance and stupidity. But I have other matters in hand just now.

The most common infirmity which brings people to watering-places, is the disease of I don't know what, the symptoms of which appear generally about the beginning of July. The lady—for ladies are more generally subject to this disease than the other sex—first begins to complain of the intolerable heat of the town, and fans herself violently for several days. If this don't do, she begins to complain of weakness and want of appetite and spirits; and if this don't do, the doctor is called in; who, to get rid of a patient, whose disorder he knows to be incurable, recommends a trip to the springs. After this, if the lady is not permitted to go, the husband is voted an inhuman monster at all tea-parties.

It is inconceivable what trouble people take sometimes to gain amusement, when they set out on purpose. I have known many, at these places—expressly set apart for the reception of people who don't know what to do with themselves—who actually took more pains to keep awake all day, than a poor man does to maintain his family. Some will take romantic excursions into swamps to see the country; some will play billiards from morning till night; some will get under trees with a book, and try with all their might to recollect what they are thinking or reading about; and others will dress five or six times a day to pass the time. After spending a few weeks in this way, interspersed with a little flirtation with the married ladies, and a little love with the young ones, people begin to feel the value of home, and are very glad to get there again. Indeed, the great use

of these places is to make us in love with home, the comforts of which are greatly enhanced by the singular inconveniences of a watering-place !

Berkeley, in addition to its pleasant rural situation at the foot of a steep mountain, and its little green promenade by the side of the brook, has many pleasant rides on horseback in its neighbourhood. The most interesting of these leads to what is called the Caphon Rock, which is in fact a mighty mass of rocks, tumbled up on the top of a mountain, from which there is a noble prospect to the westward. One day I took a solitary ride there, while Oliver was gallantizing the ladies, a vocation for which his invincible good humour and unfailing vivacity, eminently qualify him.

The mass of great rocks, lying just on the western declivity of the mountain, would appear more singular, were such phenomena not so common on the mountains in this country. How they got there nobody can tell, or at least nobody but the geologists, who, like honest Sysiphus, don't mind rolling rocks to the tops of the mountains, even though they tumble down the next minute. From the summit of the highest point of this mass of rocks, there is a clear view of the valley of Caphon, or Cacapehon, as it is called in the maps. On the right of this valley, at its western boundary, the Potomac comes out from a break in the mountain, crosses it at the foot of another, in a line almost as straight as a canal, and loses itself again in the mountains at the eastern extremity of the valley. To the south is seen the

river Caphon, winding and turning in every direction, so as to form the appearance of several little green islands; and at last, with a sort of affected reluctance, joining its waters with those of the Potomac, just before it breaks through the eastern mountain.

The valley is surrounded, on all sides, by high hills, beyond which, to the west, higher ones appear in continued succession, paler and paler, until they are lost in the Heavens, by becoming confounded with the blue sky. Houses were dispersed at solitary distances, whose curling smoke, as it rose out of the trees, added to the peaceful character of the scene, and divested it of that melancholy loneliness, which affects us in contemplating those beautiful landscapes, which have never yet been appropriated by man. After awhile, I descended the mountain to where the two rivers form a junction, and forded them both, for it was a very dry season, and the streams of this country were very low. I could see along the banks of the Potomac, where the logs were lodged, and in the crotches of trees, sedge and branches deposited by the waters, at least twenty-five feet above the present level of the current. You can form no idea how these mountain streams swell with the rains or the melting of the snows; or with what tremendous force and velocity they roll and roar along at such times.

In returning from the valley, I went to take a last look from the rock. It was becoming cloudy, or rather hazy, and little showers were falling in some parts, while others were glowing in the sun. The

light and shade was disposed in endless variety, and the general haze of the atmosphere softened the objects appearing through its medium, as past scenes are mellowed and endeared by the slight obscurity thrown over them by the mists of memory.

I don't know what may be the moral or religious influence of such scenes, since, although they assuredly give birth to pure and lofty emotions, they are apt to make us too much in love with this world. One thing, however, is pretty certain, that it is among such regions as these, composed of rugged mountains and rural vales, that the people are found most attached to their home, and modes of life. It is such scenes that they are found most to lament when far away, to remember the longest, and to cherish the most dearly. The natives of cities never get the *maladie du pays*; for paved streets, brick houses, and rattling carts, possess neither the charms nor the music of rural vales, hid in the bosom of the hills, or clear streams murmuring among moss-covered rocks. Liberty, too, dwells in the mountains, and where she lives, men are happier than any where else; for they are exempt from the train of petty insults and impositions, practised on the subservient race, and from that galling sense of inferiority, which, when they cease to feel, they are little better than brutes, and when they do feel, little less than miserable. Good by.

## LETTER XL.

DEAR FRANK,

FOUR days ago we left Berkeley Springs, and arrived here the day before yesterday. The country through which we passed is limestone, but whether of the primitive crystalline granular transition, or fletz formation, I neither know or care. It has several sulphur springs, one of which, near Martinsburg, is much frequented. In riding along the road on Saturday afternoon, we saw about a dozen fine tall young fellows, in white shirts and trowsers, shooting at a mark with rifles. This is a customary recreation, in the interior of this state, as well as in the western country; and from this early habit arises that fatal precision in firing, which cost the invader so dear at New-Orleans, and other places, during the late war. While this practice continues, and every man can keep a gun without being sent to Botany Bay, we must ever possess a decided superiority in war, over other nations, where the people are so insensible to the blessings they enjoy under a good government, that they are obliged to be kept without arms, for fear they should be stupid enough to turn them against their best friends. Our good people, being better satisfied in this respect, are relied on for the defence of their government, rather than

feared for their hostility. They are enjoined, under a penalty, to furnish themselves with arms, instead of being obliged to fill their gun-barrels with tallow, and bury them in bogs, as in poor Ireland, that unreasonable nation, which even centuries of oppression have not yet reconciled to bondage.

Martinsburg, where we dined and slept, is bedded in limestone rocks, that appear in various fantastic forms above the surface, and give it a singular character of ruggedness. The waters seem, on some occasion long past, to have been mightily troubled in this place; and the famous geological crust of the earth has tumbled in at various places very abruptly, causing divers holes and ravines, bedded and sided with limestone. In passing from this place to Harper's Ferry, for the first time in my life I began to think seriously that there was some ground, or rather some water, for the system of Mynheer Werner. As for Oliver, he suddenly relapsed into the dropsical system, and deserted from Doctor Hutton to honest Mynheer Werner. The town of Martinsburg is situated in the midst of a rich and beautiful country, exhibiting the bright verdure and variegated surface common to limestone countries, and glowing with golden fields of wheat,—a nobler source of independence to their owners, than paper banks, or mines of gold. Many Quakers are settled in this district of country; and wherever they are, peace, industry, and all the sober habits of life abide, and the earth is sure to put forth her best array. Were I to attempt the personification of peace, instead of the



olive-branch and the cornucopiæ, I would take the statue of old William Penn, as it stands in the hospital-yard in Philadelphia, with his broad-brimmed hat, and coat without buttons.

I must not forget to tell you that the only vestige of ancient chivalry I have seen in all Virginia, occurred at Martinsburg. The day being warm, we were sitting, probably to the number of twenty, on benches, at the shady side of the hotel, fronting on one of the principal streets, when a man rode furiously by on horseback, and swore "he'd be d——d if he could not *lick* any man who dared to crook his elbow at him." This, it seems, is equivalent to throwing the glove in days of yore, or to the boyish custom of knocking a chip off the shoulder; but, alas! well was it said by Neddy Burke, the days of chivalry are gone,—and may they never return, say I. Instead of ten thousand fists leaping from the pockets of the supine spectators of this magnanimous outrage, they affected to take no notice of it; and, by Heaven! not one accepted the challenge! Degenerate days!—and how unlike the fabled times, when such a gallant *raid* as this would, according to aunt Kate, have cost many an eye, and many a bloody nose.

After stopping a little while at Shepherdstown, a neat village on the banks of the Potomac, we proceeded to Harper's Ferry, where we arrived at four o'clock, and decided to stay a day or two, as it suits both Oliver's taste and mine; his, because it is a capital place for finding out how the world was

made; and mine, because it exhibits a combination of natural beauties, to be met with in no other place that I have seen. Mr. Jefferson has sketched it with a few masterly touches; but luckily for us travellers, he has rather given its effect on the imagination than the senses. The minute description of the scene, as it presents itself on a more particular examination, remains to those who come after him, and to these I shall confine myself. I love to explore these grand and beautiful scenes of nature, and to excite the curiosity of others to do the same; for I know of no source of pleasure more pure, or more likely to draw the mind from debasing contemplations, or sensual pleasures. The voice of nature, uttered amid rocks, and mountains, and roaring floods, is the voice of God, and as we listen to it, we become wiser and better. I shall never think myself destitute of virtuous feeling, while I can enjoy, with enthusiasm, the charms of nature. To you, who have seen nothing like Harper's Ferry, the description may be gratifying; for if, as is generally the case with descriptions, it conveys no definite picture to your mind, it may chance to tickle your fancy, which is just as well.

We had been told by several persons, that Mr. Jefferson's sketch of this place was highly exaggerated, and that it would by no means realize our anticipations. I am not able to tell what may have been the anticipations of other people; but certainly, I was more than satisfied with the reality. I believe it will be found, that those who are not familiar with the

higher efforts of nature ; who know not, by experience, the limits to which she is generally confined in all her operations, almost always create to themselves disappointment, by their own wild and undisciplined expectations. Experience having furnished them with no standard of the sublime and beautiful, they invariably substitute the creations of their own fancy for the descriptions of the writer ; and finding, when they come to see it, that the picture was overcharged, accuse him of a deception, which, in fact, is practised by their own inexperienced imagination. I have heard people say, that the Falls of Niagara did not come up to their expectations ; and could only account for their disappointment by supposing, what was undoubtedly the fact, that they had formed a picture in their imagination, to which nothing in nature afforded any analogy.

The stranger will find here many interesting objects, not noticed by Mr. Jefferson, and he will not find many things described by others. For instance, the fall of thirty feet, perpendicular, noticed by Mr. Weld, who, it is believed, never visited this place, and therefore may be excused for a trifling blunder of this sort. I looked hard for it, but give you my word, it eluded all my researches, and became invisible, like many other things described as having an actual existence in this country, by divers travellers. In descending to the little village, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah, on the Virginia side, just at the turning of a point in the road, which is cut or worn through the solid rock, the chasm in

the Blue Ridge, through which the waters flow, bursts at once to the view. It is faced, on either side, by two most lofty barriers of solid rock, that seem to have arrested the wreck of the mountain. They are both rugged, and of the full height of sublimity;—that on the Virginia side approaching a perpendicular; the other passing beyond it, and hovering over the ferry-house with tremendous threatenings.

In approaching the mountain to make their last effort, after effecting a junction, the two rivers, especially the Shenandoah, have had mighty struggles, and have scattered the rocks and hills to the winds of Heaven in the conflict. The rocks are left bare, pointed, projecting, and rugged, as if they had been violently broken off by some irresistible agency; and the beds of the river, before and after their junction, are composed of rocks above and under the surface, through which the waters roar and foam, with restless and terrible impetuosity, for some miles. High among the rocks and precipices, are a number of cottages, belonging to the workmen at the armory; and higher still, on the summit of the cliff, resides the American eagle, emblem of our freedom, which is unassailable as the rock on whose side he builds his nest. Here he rests safe from every danger, since no sportsman, from above or below, can reach him.

There is a variety, a succession, and an infinite combination of objects, in this place, and its immediate neighbourhood, sufficient to give occupation and interest to several days. Three accessible points, however, present, in my mind, the finest views that

are to be seen, except from the summit of the cliffs, whither none but very enterprising travellers attempt to ascend. The one is from a very singular rock, called Jefferson's Rock, in compliment to the late president. This juts out at the side of a steep hill, a little way up the Shenandoah, and from it there is a fine view of the chasm in the mountain, and the noble landscape seen through the vista. The opposite side of the river is strikingly grand, consisting of a mountain almost perpendicular, in some places formed of bare rocks, in others, covered with dark and melancholy pines. Above, the waters fret and foam, among rocks and little verdant isles; and just opposite is the Shenandoah Ferry, where the torrent subsides into a little basin, and flows smoothly to meet the Potomac.

The second point of view is just under the cliff on the Maryland shore, where can be seen the waters before and after their junction; the little town lying at the foot of the hill, and behind it a number of beautiful swelling green hills, affording a fine contrast to the barren and grim aspect of the broken ridge of mountains. The emotions of the spectator in this situation are heightened, when he looks up and sees the tremendous crag, hovering directly over his head. The third, and I think the finest view of all, is from one of the green hills, back of the little village, on which there is a small wooden building, called the magazine. It discloses the windings of the Potomac above, where it is a quiet stream, clear and smooth, contrasted with its rough tumultuous course below;

and combines a view of the broken chasm, and opening vista, with a distant amphitheatre of mountains, far in the west, rising one above the other, and presenting, in their mellowing shades, and harmonious, undulating outlines, images of peace and repose, to sooth the mind in the midst of this wreck of nature. There is a canal on either side of the Potomac. The bank of that on the Virginia side, affords a most romantic walk, rendered interesting by the rough passage of the river on one hand, and by the broken cliffs overhanging the other. Under one of these ledges stands a little white cottage, so singularly picturesque as to deserve a description. It is built in a pretty taste, and is literally canopied by a projecting ledge of rock, the top of which being flat, there is a little garden on it, in which I observed rose-bushes, and beds of flowers. Before it is a little grass-plot, bordered by the canal. Will not the muse of this new world, think you, one day or other, awaken in these beautiful scenes, and illustrate them in strains that will make them classical at some future period, like those of Greece, Italy, and Scotland? The same beauty ought to inspire the same enthusiasm everywhere; and the same enthusiasm will, sooner or later, produce the same effects. As yet we have not struck the harp whose strings vibrate in unison with the chords of our hearts. The genius that has awakened in our country, is not the genius of America, but a mongrel imitative creature, expatriated in his affections, and incapable of connecting the poetry of the country with the feelings, attach-

ments, and associations of the people for whom he affects to write. But the time will come, when some chosen genius will find the secret of obtaining a reputation coexistent with the duration of this country, not so much by writing better poetry than other men, as by the addressing his lines to the hearts of his countrymen, and thus wooing their admiration through the medium of their affections.

About six miles up the river there is an ore-bank, belonging to the government, which I thought a great curiosity, until Oliver convinced me to the contrary by proving that several learned professors had accounted for such formations in the most satisfactory manner. Happy ignorance! that can sometimes wonder at things, that the learned consider as mere trifles. The ore lays in a bed of yellow clay, in lumps of various sizes, and distinct from each other. Some of these exhibit evident traces of the action of fire, and came very near bringing Oliver over to the Plutonian system again. Clays, of various and most beautiful tints, are mixed with these masses of ore; and it struck me, that some beautiful mineral colours might be obtained here. The bank is dug—I beg pardon, excavated;—a good writer now-a-days, you know, never uses a monosyllable when he can get a long word. Our language is mightily improved of late, and even colloquialisms have become scientific. “Mamma,” said a little girl to her mother, the other day, “mamma, please to give me some sugar to correct the acid of these raspberries.” This was called *sweetening*, in my time; but see what it is for

young ladies to study chymistry. But to return. The ore-bank is excavated sixty or seventy feet, and is still unexhausted. This seems the easiest way of procuring iron-ore that I have seen. Our little excursion to this place was rendered interesting, by the company of a botanical gentleman, whose love of the science led him to point out various plants to our notice, along the side of the river and canal, and to explain their nature and qualities; so that we received a lecture on botany, illustrated by real specimens, instead of pretty transparencies. This gentleman's name is seldom seen in the newspapers—unlike that of our friend the mammoth professor; neither is he, I believe, a member of forty societies. He resides constantly at this place, cultivating his favourite science, together with a few oddities—which, as they injure no one, every man has a right to indulge; and has found the way to reconcile some of the most inveterate antipathies of nature. It is a singular fact, that I saw a cat purring quietly in one corner of a chimney in his house, while in the other a quail was sitting on its nest, apparently without the least apprehension.

To-morrow we shall cross the ferry into Maryland, and so on towards home. As the remainder of our journey will be along a road with which you are already acquainted, and through cities you have heretofore visited, it is extremely probable that I may not write you again; unless I stay at the seat of government until congress meets, when I shall have something to talk about. Farewell.



## LETTER XLK

DEAR FRANK,

WHEN I wrote you from Harper's Ferry, I did not think of troubling you with any more letters; but by good fortune, I have since obtained some interesting particulars in relation to the great father of our country, which will, I am sure, afford you singular gratification. The day after my arrival at Washington, which I will not describe, except by a quotation from the witty old Abbe Corréa, who defined it to be "a city of respectable distances," I paid a visit to Mount Vernon, to offer my devotions at the shrine of the only saint, I believe, we recognise in our annals. You have had so many descriptions of this illustrious spot, that I shall confine myself to a detail of my impressions on contemplating the simple tomb where repose the mortal remains of a man, who has left behind him a fame, more enviable than that of any mere mortal that ever breathed the breath of life. If it were mine, I would not exchange it for all the vainglories of all the conquerors and destroyers of mankind, from Sesostris down to Napoleon.

The tomb is situated on the summit of the high bank of the Potomac, and commands a view of the fine expansion of the river below. It partakes of the

sobriety of Washington's character. A little pathway, walled on either side, leads you to a plain door of wood, imbedded in brick-work, over which, in the rear, rises a small hillock covered with trees. This is all. At first my impressions were those of disappointment, at the absence of art and decoration. But a better feeling came over me, and soon I felt the inspiration of this touching simplicity stealing into my inmost soul. I forgot every thing before me, and remembered only Washington. There was no majestic work, impudently obtruding itself to draw off my attention towards the triumph of art, and set me to criticising the taste and genius of the artist; there was nothing, in short, to impair the one single idea of Washington. His life and actions passed swiftly in review before me, as I sat with my eyes riveted on the little door that enclosed his sacred dust; and that pure, unmixed, complete character, "without fear and without reproach," gradually embodied itself in my fancy. The silence and repose of the scene was profound, except that now and then the little birds, that had made their nests in the clump of trees which overshadowed the tomb, chirped over my head. It was a calm, sultry, autumnal morning; the leaves were unruffled by a single breath of air, and the wide expanse of the river below was all one glassy mirror, burnished by the rays of as bright a sun as ever shone in the Heavens.

Could the proudest creations of art, add interest or dignity to such a scene? I think not—I felt they could not; that it was out of the power of man to

embellish what nature had made so perfect, or to ennoble the moral excellence of him whose glory I was contemplating. He stands alone by himself, occupying a space which few will ever approach; his glory is without a spot or a stain; his whole life one uninterrupted virtue. In the midst of the most harassing vicissitudes, with the weight of the destinies of this new world on his shoulders—in the depths of almost hopeless adversity, when the fate of his country hung day after day, year after year, suspended by a single hair, he was a hero. When, having won for his country the prize for which he had so long contended, it was in his power to appropriate it to his own purposes, he was a patriot. And when placed by the united voice of the civilized world, on the highest pinnacle of human glory, he was a sage. His head neither turned, nor did his heart become corrupt. He sailed along like the eagle, easily and gracefully, in the highest Heaven; majestic, without effort or affectation; and while the eyes of mankind were gazing upon him, never for a moment forgot he was but a man.

Such a being, thought I, wants no monument. While his name is in the mouths of devoted millions; while his virtues are embodied in every page of the history of his country; and while his glory accompanies the rising sun through his daily course from east to west, to what purpose pile masses of marble upon his bones? He who had no parallel in his life, should have none after death. Others have become illustrious by their tombs; let it be his distinction to

owe no part of his glory to marble, architects, or statuarics, and to enjoy the privilege of sleeping undisturbed in the midst of his kindred ashes. There is nothing annoys me more than the eternal fuss made about the ingratitude of our people, in not erecting some splendid monument to the father of his country. Does not that title constitute an ever-during monument? Is it possible that Washington can require any other memorial, or the people of the United States any other title to remind them of his fame and his virtues, or the measureless debt of gratitude entailed for ever on themselves and their posterity? The best evidence they can give of their fulfilment of this sacred duty, will be, not erecting monuments, but preserving the liberties he bequeathed them, and, as far as possible, sailing in the bright wake he has left behind him. Still it is a becoming indication of gratitude to public benefactors, to consecrate works, in themselves admirable, to their memory, and, without doubt, the act is praiseworthy. But, after all, it is no test of merit to have a splendid monument. Such memorials have been quite as often prostituted to the worst and most insignificant of mankind as to their benefactors, and the truly great may be safely left to history, poetry, and tradition. These, outlast all the rest of the labours of man, and none can ever become immortal, through the means of perishable works. Whatever monuments may be hereafter erected to the memory of Washington, I earnestly hope that none of that name or lineage will ever consent to the removal of his bones from

the sacred spot where they were first deposited, in the midst of those of his kindred. There let them rest in peace, embalmed in imperishable glory, till the trumpet shall sound, and the dead of thousands of years arise to judgment.

The lives of Washington, hitherto written, are principally devoted to details of his public services, and less is known of his private history and habits, than those of any illustrious person of modern times. I am not one of those who think that the fame of such men is enhanced, by coupling it with minute details of insignificant matters and trifling peculiarities, which give a common-place character of littleness to the whole picture. Still every thing relating to such a man as Washington, must be more or less interesting, not only to the present, but future ages; and I have not been remiss, I assure you, in making use of every opportunity that has offered, to collect information concerning the early life and habits of this great and good man, who, of all others, can best stand the scrutiny, because his private and domestic virtues were quite equal to his public services. A character of more consummate excellence is not to be found in history.

As a sample of what I have collected, I will copy for your gratification, a considerable long talk with an old negro, who was formerly a servant of the general, and accompanied him in the disastrous expedition of Braddock against Fort Duquesne. It is furnished me by a gentleman of Alexandria, of high character, and who is on terms of familiar intimacy.

with the Washington family. In communicating it, he says, "I have carefully avoided putting down any thing, but just as I received it, and have chosen the old negro's own language for his narratives, and only considered myself as his amanuensis; without reference to any other authority than himself in his own words. I spent several days at Mrs. Washington's; visited him frequently, took hasty notes as we went along, which were collected and amplified during my repeated visits. I give you but a fair copy of what I hastily wrote down on the occasion."

"The old negro Jeremy, or Jeremy Prophet, bears in the family a high reputation in every respect; is as fine a specimen of an old-fashioned servant as you ever met with, an oracle among the blacks, and with the family, a sort of relic of their ancestors that they seem proud to cherish and make comfortable. I was introduced to him, seated before a rousing fire, in an arm-chair."

Old gentleman, said I, I have come a long way to see you, and hear you talk of General Washington. I am told you went with him to Braddock's war.

"Aye, indeed, did I sir, and many's de t'other place I bin wid him—Lord, sir, he was amighty of a man, I tell you."

How old was you at this time?

"Why, I was a good, smart, mannish sort of a chap, big enough to be gemman's servant."

Can you tell exactly how old you were at that time?

"Not 'xactly—but I remember one morning, some

time afore dat, I was at Mount Vernon, wid my old mass John Bushrod, and I hear him say to mass John, John Washington I tell you what I do. Jerry good smart boy, do a man's work, dough he but fifteen or sixteen year old—I give him to you. He ax me if I want to live wid mass John—I say yes—give me plenty meat and bread—and den I belong to John Washington. John he den live wid George Washington, at Mount Vernon.”

Well, now tell me something about Braddock's war.

“When Braddock (he pronounced the name sharp—Braddick) come, dey hear him burning powder good way off, and de people so glad to see him, dey come down to de shore and burn powder too—pop—pop—pop, ebery hour de day. I couldn't tink what de debbil de matter. By'm by, I see de ships, one fore God, most big as Mount Vernon house, dough it wornt no great much of a house den, no how. Next morning, mass John say, Git de carriage, Jerry, I gying to Belhaven, (dey call de place Alexandry now; hah! I Cod! I know'd it when dey more trees than houses, and dey couldn't find places to put Braddick's soldiers in.) Well, when I come to Belhaven, den I seed what de matter—de soldiers and de officers eberywhere. Ebery body want to see dis great man Braddick, so, as I was standing at de stable door, combing my head, de stable man at de armory dare say, Jerry, dare Braddick—and I know'd him, cause nobody else I seed, had star on left breast, and dare he was, 'tween two odder

gemmen. He wornt notting like gemman, take he clothes off, and dat sort of star—he broad, chunky man.

“Well, den mass John and mass George dey talk and talk, and den dey tell me I mus git horses ready, an go 'long o' dem—and five hundred granadier gemmen joined Braddick, and off we go. Well, sir, d'ye mind me? We went ahead, trough de woods, and over de mountains—we stopped at a place dey call Cumberland, week or ten days—I disremember de 'xact time—and den set off 'gin. Braddick halt de foot guard, and send de gemmen granadiers ahead. I went gemman's servant, wid mass John—well, sir—we was quarter mile ahead, goin trough de wood, huckleberry-bushes up to de horse belly, and when we got to a bit of a hill, 'bout as big as fron de house (two or three hundred yards)—if you had eyes to see so far, you would see forty miles, and we seed rise up all round—gemmen got off horses, and 'gan to consult. Neber seed nobody. I didn't know what de debbil the matter, not I. Presently all mounted, come back to Braddick, and dare dey was, telling what dey had seed—and dare stood Braddick, listening wid all he ears, he rifle in he right hand, wid de britch on de ground—he rub he toe in de leeves, like he raking up something—he look at he toe, and seem mighty consarned, but neber say a word. When dey done talking, he put he blowpipe to he mouth, and march was de word. De gemmen granadiers look mighty 'spicious, but neber said notting as I hear. Gemmen granadiers fall



back—foot guards to de front. When we got to dat place—huh! we seed de smoke, we hear de pop—pop—pop, but we seed nobody. De riggler's drap, drap, drap—Braddick neber bark one cannon, but he look ris'lute. I took de bridle of my horse, an I git behind de tree—I Cod, I was skeered—d'ye mind me? I was, I tell you. Braddick put he blowpipe to he mout—'Hurra, my boys, lose de saddle, or win de horse,' he bawl out, and den, 'Oh boys! I'm gone,' and den I seed no more of Braddick on his legs—he down—but I seed mass George take hold one dem brass pieces same as if it was a stick—he look like de debbil—he put one hand on the muzzle so—he sling de sheet lead from dat and de touch-hole—he put—d'ye mind me? dis hand on de muzzle, and dis on de britch—he pull wid dis and he push wid dis—and he wheel it round jis like nottin. He tear de ground up same as a bar shear (a kind of plough.) De powder-monkey jump wid de fire, and den de cannon bark, I tell you. Dey fit and dey fit, and den de Ingens holler; when de thirty pieces of brass cannon bark, de trees fly and de Ingens come down, I tell you. Dat place dey call Rock Hill, and dare dey left five hundred men behind.

\* "Mass George he sometime arter go mong de Ingens agin—dis arter Braddick's war. John Washington was at Mount Vernon, and I was dare wid him. One Sunday morning, coming from stable, I seed a man riding up de road, wid his horse all in a ladder of sweat. Says I, what's de matter? Says he, 'I don't know, but old misses in mighty trouble,

and sent for mass John, he up?' I say, don't know—it was half hour by sun. When mass John got de letter, he come out and say, 'Jerry, keep your gray horses up in de stable, feed um well, and be ready to set out to-morrow morning, at crack o' day.' Afore light, ebery ting ready, and we set off, and dough we found mighty trouble to get across de ferry, at Colchester, it was so cold and frozen, we got to Dumfries to breakfast, and same evening got to he mother's. When we come in sight of de home, we seed de old lady comin out on two sticks—"

"Two sticks"—what do you mean?

"Two sort of crutches, she hurt her foot or ancle, and was lame, 'bout dat time. She neber say how you do, nor notting, but 'O, Johnny Washington! Johnny Washington, have you heard any news of George Washington? his time's run out, no papers, no news, no notting of him. He's dead—he's dead—I know he's dead—go and seek him, dead or alive—bring his bones, if notting else.'

"We rest one day at Mrs. Washington's, and one at Major Lewis's, over in Fredericksburg, and den we set out. We rested one night at Aldie, at one Billy West's. In de morning, we started by time it was light, and got up to Colonel Snigge's to breakfast, almost fifteen mile. De snow was up to our knees, and dare wornt no much of a road, any how, and so we had hard work to get along, I tell you. But mass John so fond of he brodder George, and de old lady, he go foot sooner dan turn back. Well, it was gitting fur in de day, I was afore on a horse, mass

John was coming close behind, when I look up de road, and I seed a man coming down de mountain, wid his right leg over de pummel of de saddle, woman fashion, wid a broad piece of paper in his lap reading, and de bridle-rein loose in his fingers. He was dressed in a sort of a round jacket, wid moccasin gaiters, his beard mighty long. He cock his eye, and tinks I, I know him, and when mass John come up, he jump off he horse, and cry out, 'Why, John, don't you know me?' And den I seed twas mass George, sure enough. And den dey stop in de road and talk, talk, and mass George (the gin'ral mind me!) he call de man wid de horses, and Tom's horse was fairly covered wid leather, and he make dem open de saddle-bags, and, I Cod, if he didn't twist a ting about two or tree times and made a table, and ebery ting he had, down to pepper-box, and ebery ting, and dare dey eat, and dare dey drink, dough it was so cold. I Cod, I had to put my meat and bread in my pocket—and dare was dat man wid notting but his roundabout jacket, and dare wor his great-coat close by on de pummel of he saddle. I Cod, dat man he no more mind cold dan a stone-fence—d'ye mind me? Mass George he set off for Mount Vernon, and we took de road to Fredericksburg agin, and we got dare, I recklect same as yesterday, on Wednesday night, and dey neber know'd notting about it, till we got dare. Dat same night, I went over to Major Lewis's, massa gin me great parcel letters to carry over to him. Major Lewis in de door, and seed me comin to de house.

"'Hollo, Jerry,' he say, 'you hear any ting of Col. Washington?' he wornt no gin'ral den."

"Lord, yes, massa," I say, "I seed him."

"'You seed him?'"

"Yes, massa, I seed him."

"'I 'bieve you lie, you rascal,' he say."

"Well, massa, you see if I lie den. I seed him same as I see you, and he be here to-morrow, for I hear him say so. Well, den I hand him de letters, and he say sure 'nough, well, I mighty glad—he holler to Bob to bring me dram—and den I tell him all 'bout how we meet him. Friday the gin'ral came dashing down de road, wid Miles Richardson on anoder horse behind him. Miles he go always wid him whereber he go. And den dare was such rejoicing, for de old lady was fondest of George of all de boys. Dis was arter he come from Braddick's war, long time. Dey say he gaged to be married den, and when he go away, he leave word, if dey no hear from him in nine months, dey must give him up, and de nine months had den gone. He went out dat spring."

Where had he been, do you know?

"'Been to camp, but whar 'xactly, I don't know, I tell you what I see, not what I hear—behold you! The gin'ral had a face like he mother, and she was old Martram Ball's daughter. I don't 'bieve old Matty Ball ever have any odder child—'least I neber hear o'none. He live at Fleet's Bay, down in Lancaster county. I have seeming rec'lection of he father, dough I can't say 'xactly. I live, when a boy,

close by down dar at Norming, midway mass John Bushrod, he not so tall as any of he sons.

"I went along wid de gin'ral when he go down to get married, and Miles Richardson and me had all de trunks in a little wagon. We stopped at Dumfries to feed, and de gin'ral went on afore us—well sir, jist as we cross de creek, at de mills, going up dat hill, smash come down de left-hand fore wheel—I Cod, says I, Miles here a job, and so we takes de trunks and puts dem into Mr. Allen's ornary—Miles he stay behind, and I sot off for Fredericksburg, 'long wid de horses and de odder man. Lord, sir! when old misses see me come widout de trunks, she was *stuffed*, I tell you—so she says, take my two duns, Jerry, and start by daybreak, wid de two fore wheels o' de carriage, and bring de trunks and wagon.

"When I seed she was in sich a fluster 'bout de trunks, I goes off and I gits de wheels and de duns, and off I goes a cracking, I tell you. When I got back, I found de wheels wouldn't fit, and de road so bad, I turn de horses in to get a mouthful, and Miles and I set to work and lashed de trunks, and Mr. Allen, who kept de ornary, make his boys help us, for dey was monstrous heavy, on to de axeltree, and bed of de fore wheels. Miles he got on top of um, and jist as we set off, says I to Mr. Allen, what o'clock is it? and he tell me it wanted tree hours or more to daylight. We had den twenty-four miles to go, but we moved—dem horses, ah! dey was fellows, I tell you—dem same duns neber done notting but go in old misses carriage—Ned could hardly

handle dem fellows, dey was so pranktious—and she wouldn't let um ever go to mill, and when dey was turned out, she always had um turned out in de bottom land, below de house, whare she could see um all de time. I let um go—Miles he could hardly hold on—but I put on, I tell you, I did that. I was mighty proud, I tell you, when, jis as I turned into de gate, I seed de red daybreak way off yonder. I left de tings and horses in de yard, and went to de house—firs person I meet was de old lady.

“‘Come, Jerry,’ she say, ‘make haste, you ought bin gone long ago.’

“Lord, misses, I done bin, says I.”

“‘You done bin? den you kill your horses.’

“No, misses, says I, horses an't hurt—dough, I Cod, I left um smoking, and I was skeered a trifle, all de time, I tell you—misses an't hurt.

“‘Well, says she, I mighty glad—you tired, Jerry, come in and leave de tings where dey is.’

“Arter awhile de gin'ral he come out and say, neber mind de tings, bring um all over as dey are to Major Lewis's at Fredericksburg. When we got dare, he say, put on boys to Colonel Lomax's, I be dare to-night—take care of your horses, I come on behind, and pay de reck'ning. Den Miles he ride on de trunks and drive, and I ride on a fine horse belonging to massa. We stop at de Bowling-green, and fed our horses, left de gin'ral to come on and pay de reck'ning, and put off. Says Miles, ‘I tell you what, dese horses tired, and I am debilish cold, how far we got to go?’ You know as well as I, says I, and den

we soon come to Colonel Lomax's gate, and I look back an I seed de gin'ral a comin, standing up in he stirrups, dashing on wid he two servants behind him. I hill (held) de gate for him to get trough—

“‘Dat's right boys,’ says he—and den he stop and say, ‘Jerry, dat de horse your massa raise at Prospect Hill?’

“Yes, says I, dis de feller.

“We stopped at Colonel Bob Lomax's all night. De gin'ral send word for us to be up and off betimes in de morning to York, and tired as I was, I couldn't sleep, 'fore God, I tought de night was a fortnight long. Well, next morning, we puts out before de crack o' day, and jist about sundown de horses look so bad, we stop to bait, a mile dis side York river—I didn't tink we was so near, I would have gone on.

“De gin'ral he come dashing by, standing in he stirrups. ‘Hitch up,’ says he, ‘boys, and push on—you an't got over a mile to de ferry, and its most night—push on, and I'll go and call de ferry over.’

“And so on we went. When we got to de ferry, all de boats, de horse-boat and de foot-boat, gone t'oder side. It was dark den—de gin'ral he walk back and forward to keep warin—he blowed de conchy, and we hollered, and at last we see de foot-boat a coming over—de river look mighty ugly, all white, and de wind blowing like great guns, and it was a freezing hard, I tell you. When de foot-boat totch de shore, de gin'ral slung he great-coat to Tom Bishop, he giv de boat one push wid he square barrelled rifle, and one push wid he foot. He jump in

and say, pull away boys—and when dey seed who dey had got in de boat, dey did put it to it, dey did—d'ye hear me? dey did. Captain Smith and Captain Dandridge kept de ferry, and Captain Smith de ornary, t'oder side. Come on dark night afore de horse-boat come over, and dar we war, no star—ebery ting black but de river—six hours in de boat, half leg deep in water—come on darker and darker—de men pull and pull, but de shore seem as if he done gone—de gin'ral over long ago—d'ye mind me? I hear one man say, 'Tom, we shall be drown'd'—I was scared, but I keep up—de water splash over de boat—I hear de conchy blow—God, 'twas same as a dram of a cold morning. De people seed we didn't come, and got skeered. I stood upon de head of de boat, wid de bridle-reins of my horse over my shoulder—if de boat sink, I hang to de horse, I say to mysef. Den I seed something black a one side—I move over dat side—de boatman say, don't come dis way—I shout out, 'come on, come on,' and den I hear de people in de firs boat shout—and den a rope fall bang, right over my horse. I snatch hold on um, and gave um a twist round de ring, right between my legs, and when dey draw de rope taut, den I feel de boat go ahead. When we got to shore, I feel glad, I tell you—'twas Christmas Eve, an I was most froze—I had pair of gloves, knit wid rabbit's fur inside, and I Cod, dey war fairly froze. I was neber so nigh being drown'd in my life.

“As we drive by de kitchen door of de ornary, I



seed de light trough de crack ob de door, and, says I, come, Bishop, let's go in, for 'fore God I can't stand it. I knock—come in, say somebody,—and den dare war ebery ting snug enough; presently de gemmen come out—'Ho! boys,' say he, 'cold travelling.' I seed de long-bottom glass in he hand, and spoke up. Yes sir, says I, cold travelling. How fur might it be to Massa Custis's? 'Oh, you jis dare,' says he, and he pours out a glass; 'go round my yard, and dare you right at de house. Where you from to-day?' Colonel Bob Lomax's, say I. When I hear I war so nigh, I was fierce 'nough, for I war always like a hog, all jaw.

"As we pass de winder, I see in, and I seed de gin'ral in de big chair, jis so—and dare was de lady jam up to him, jis so—an' he had de lady's little daughter on he lap. Aha! you feller, say I to my-sef, dat what you come for trough de cold, eh!

"Presently madam come out to de door, wid de maid wid her candle. She call de servant, and he come—one great Guinea nigger, wid he face jis like you draw currycomb all ober it. She say, take dem men in and treat um well, and tell Jack take care de trunks. And so we went into de laundry, and den you may depend de tortoise-shell bowl come out full—eh! boys!

"Nex day I hear de people say de gin'ral got he nose frost-bit; and when I seed it look red, I right glad, cause he ought to have some ob de pain, as he got all de fun—ha! ha! I went out to see my horses, and I was in fair misery, for de water had frozen on

um, and dey look so bad; de people had n't taken good care on um. De gin'ral he come out and say—

“Well, Jeremy, how you horse do?”

“Oh, tolerable, say I.

“Well,’ says he, ‘Jeremy, stay rest yoursef long as you please, and take holyday. I shan’t want your horses, and if I want a carriage, I can borrow de lady’s to go to Williamsburg. But do you stay and rest.’

“Oh, says I, I no want rest. I got wife at home. I rather go spend Christmas dare. I got notting but wheels to take back, and so I tink to go home to-morrow.

“Says he, ‘Jerry, hold your hand.’

“He put he hand in he pocket. I hold one hand, he full um. When I see dat, I hold t’oder—he full dat, too. And when I go to de stable, I count it out in my hat. Aha! d’ye mind me, sir! he had gin me pounds.”

On another occasion, Jeremy said:

“De gin’ral, he care notting for de cold; he hard as a bull, and sometime when de gemmen, Colonel Ramsay, Colonel Carlisle, and de rest ob um, use to come down from Belhaven, he go out to shoot deer wid um. I reck’lect one day he send for me, and tell me, go git de white mare and come wid him, de odder gemmen all ready. I did n’t know what dey war going about, but I neber say a word. When we got to a place near Dorrel’s Hill, called Hell Hole, dey all stop. De gin’ral put he hand in he pocket an draw out a little bell. He tie um round de gray

mare's neck, and say—'Now, Jerry, you go ahead in a walk, and don't say a word, no matter what you see; don't be afraid, nor open your lips.' I went on about twenty yards ahead, and presently I seed a great buck come jumping along. He stop, he look sideways at me—he lif up one leg—bang! I hear de rifle, and den he drop. I was fit to tumble off de horse, for all I know he might shoot me, too, I Cod. Presently dey all come up. De gin'ral an' I lift de deer on to de mare, an' I lead her home; he want me to git up, but I say, no, tank you.

"He, gin'ral, mighty man for horse. He had a horse dey call Starling—he was wicked debil—de gin'ral raise him at he plantation down at Muddy Hole. He no let nobody ride or break him. When he tree year old, he bring him one Sunday morning, and say he gying to ride him. I look out; I 'xpect ebery minute he git he neck broke, but when he sling he leg over, he dare, no git him off. He mighty man for bad horse. I don't say no better dan he, but I neber seed none."

These little details of Jeremy are, to me, highly interesting, as exhibiting nice traces of the habits and character of Washington. There is not the least doubt of their authenticity. They carry with them internal evidence of the strongest kind, and the minute particulars interwoven in them by the old negro, prove that his memory is still tenacious of every thing relating to his illustrious master.

I have collected a number of other memorials and anecdotes of Washington and his family, which I

will show you when we meet. The first of the name known in this country, was "John Washington," as he styles himself in his will, "of Washington Parish, in the countie of Westmoreland, in Virginia, gentleman." I have a copy of this will, from which it is evident that he was a man of piety and integrity. He directs all the debts and dues which he owes, "in right or *conscience*," to be "well and truly paid," before his estates, which appear to have been very numerous and extensive, were divided. The will is dated the 21st of October, 1675, and is witnessed by John Lloyd and John Appleton. It appears that the Mount Vernon estate, or at least a moiety of it, belonged to the family of Washington at that time. It is thus conveyed: "Item—I give to my son Lawrence, my half of five thousand acres of land in Stafford county, which is betwixt Nicholas Spencer and myself, to him and his heirs for ever."

Perhaps of all the memorials Washington left behind him, the following letter, a copy of which was given me by one of his nearest surviving connexions—I mean the letter he wrote to Mrs. Washington, announcing his appointment to the command of the American army, at the commencement of the Revolution—is one of the most characteristic. It will there be seen with what unaffected modesty he distrusted his own abilities; with what piety he relied on the support of Providence; with what patriotism he devoted himself to his country in her hour of peril; and with what painful reluctance, mingled

with a noble determination, he consented to the sacrifice of all his domestic attachments. The postscript at the end, is not a little curious, as establishing the otherwise incredible fact, that in the year 1775, a full "suit" for a lady consisted of only two and a half yards of muslin. I wonder how many yards it takes now, Frank?

"Philadelphia, June 18th, 1775.

"MY DEAREST,

"I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with the deepest concern, and that concern is inexpressibly aggravated and increased, when I reflect on the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in congress, that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause, shall be placed under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston, to take upon me the command of it. You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner, that so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavour in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part from you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness and felicity in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of reaping abroad, if my stay was to be seven times seven years.

"But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown

upon me this service, I shall hope that my undertaking of it, is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did, perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive that I could not even pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment, without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonour on myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting that I shall return safely to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel at being left alone. I therefore beg you to summon your whole fortitude and resolution, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. If it should be your desire to remove to Alexandria, as you once mentioned upon an occasion of this sort, I am quite pleased that you should put it in practice; and Lund Washington may be directed by you to build a kitchen, and other houses, proper for your reception. If, on the other hand, you should be inclined to spend a good part of the time among your friends below, I wish you to do so. In short, my earnest wish, my most ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan most likely to produce content, and a tolerable

degree of tranquillity, as it must add greatly to my anxieties, to hear that you are dissatisfied and complain of what I really could not avoid.

"As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of settling his temporal concerns while in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place—for I had not time to do it before I left home—got Colonel Pendleton to draught a will for me by the directions which I gave him; which will I now enclose. The provision made for you, in case of my death, will, I hope, be agreeable. I shall add nothing more at present, as I have several letters to write, but to desire you will remember me to Nelly, and all friends, and to assure you that I am, with unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy,

"Your affectionate

"GEO. WASHINGTON.

"P. S. Since writing the above, I have received your letter of the 13th, and have got two suits of what I was told was the prettiest. I wish it may please you. It cost fifty shillings a suit, that is, twenty shillings a yard."

The family of Washington is of English origin, and the name occurs three times in the course of my general reading in English literature. Hume mentions a charge made at the siege of Bristol, during the civil wars, by "Washington." I think he was on the royalist side. He is, probably, the same

person mentioned in the Diary of Elias Ashmole, as follows:

"1646, May the 22d, 10h, A. M. Sir Ralph Clare moved me to take command about the Ordnance Fort at Worcester.

"June 12th. I entered on my command as Comptroller of the Ordnance.

"June 18th, 1h, 16m, P. M. I received my commission from Colonel Washington."

Ashmole was a sturdy royalist, and of course Colonel Washington belonged to that party. In the *Musarum Deliciæ*, by Sir John Mennis, and others, originally printed in 1640; there is the following fine tribute to the memory of "Mr. Washington, page to the prince."

"Know'st thou whose these ashes were!  
Reader thou would'st weeping swear,  
Rash fate err'd here, as well appears,  
Counting his virtues for his years,  
His goodness made them so o'er seene,  
It show'd him three-score at eighteen.

"Enquire not his disease or pain!  
He died of nothing else but Spayne,  
Where the worst Calenture he feels,  
Are Jesuits and Alguaziles,  
And where he's not allow'd to have,  
Unless he steal't—a quiet grave.

He needs no other epitaph or stone,  
But this, 'Here lies lov'd Washington;'  
Write this in tears, in that loose dust,  
And every griev'd beholder must,  
When he weighs *him* and knows his years,  
Renew the letters with his teares."



I have written myself weary, and must here conclude my notices of the great saint of liberty. Here ends my rambling, and my rambling letters, for I shall return home from hence, stopping one day at Baltimore, to see some of the little pocket Venuses, and, perhaps, one at Philadelphia, to have a *rouse* with the only club that ever was without a name, and the only club that ever deserved a good one, which ever came under my cognizance. Washington, though beautifully situated, is rather a dull place at this time of the year, except to sportsmen, who find excellent shooting, about the centre of the city. I have seen great numbers of quail, plover, and snipe, within a couple or three hundred yards of the president's mansion, and they *do* say, that deer abound in the "slashes," as they are called, about half a mile north of that building. I can't answer to that fact, but I have seen plenty of rabbits there, and something that looked very much like a wild Indian.

Good by till we meet. I shall often look back on the scenes I have past, in the course of my little extempore excursion, and long remember it as one of the most pleasant of my life. The more I see of my country, and above all, my countrymen, the more I love them. They yield to none on the face of the earth, in the qualities necessary to maintain, and the virtues requisite to enjoy, the blessings of liberty. Nothing but ignorance of each other, and the reports of lying or prejudiced travellers, cause those stupid misconceptions and ridiculous antipathies, that still

subsist between the distant portions of our country. A little social intercourse, and the exchange of a few courtesies, would soon do away with these, by showing distinctly to all, that there may be a difference in two people, without any inferiority on either part; and that in every class, and every climate, and every soil of our country, there is enough of a family likeness, to remind us that we are A NATION OF BROTHERS.

Farewell.

END OF LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.





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